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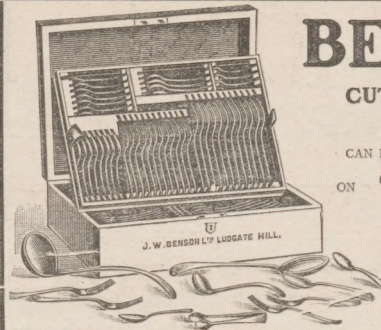
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1197 Valse Aria "Romeo and Juliet" - - - - - Gounod.

BARITONE SOLOS by ANTONIO SCOTTI.

(Piano accompaniment.)

1206 Prologue "Il Pagliacci" - - - - - Leoncavallo.
1207 Selections "Don Juan" - - - - - Mozart.

BASS SOLOS by EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

(Piano accompaniment.)

1221 Infelice "Ernani" - - - - - Verdi.
1222 Canzone del Porter "Martha" - - - - - Von Flotow.
1223 Serenade "Don Juan" - - - - - Tschakowsky.

BARITONE SOLOS by Signor CAMPANARI.

(Piano accompaniment.)

1224 Cavatina "Faust" - - - - - Gounod.
1225 Serenade - - - - - Sepilli.
1226 Aria "Il Barbiere de Seville" - - - - - Rossini.
1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" - - - - - Bizet.

In response to a letter from Mr. Howard Tripp, Mr. Chamberlain states that the brewing trade will be represented on the Tariff Reform Commission.

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POOR PRINCESS LOUISE.

Is King Leopold's Daughter Really Insane?

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Tuesday.

A fresh campaign of calumny has been started against the unhappy Princess Louise of Coburg, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians. The circumstances which led to the Princess being taken to a private asylum at Lindenhof in Saxony are still fresh in the memory. From that day a section of the Vienna Press has interested itself in the supposed doings of the Princess.

The latest alleged adventure of the Princess, published by a journal here, has called forth indignant protests from the Viennese, who resent the publication of these stories, which they describe as absolute fabrications. It is stated that the Princess took to philanthropy with the porter of the asylum, and that the affair, coming to the knowledge of the officials, the porter was discharged, and the distinguished inmate shut up in her room.

This campaign of calumny is prosecuted with one object—to make it clear that the Princess is hopelessly mad. The stories emanate from one brain. People speak of a lawyer as the inventor of them, and of a high personage who employs him.

Pathetic Calumnies.

These disgraceful and quite scandalous statements are wonderfully varied. Sometimes the Princess is represented as showing pathetic devotion to a flower; at other times she is said to tear off her skirt, and to play for hours with trivial objects. Again, she is described as indulging in endless, incoherent harangues. All these statements are circulated with a view to proving that there is no hope of betterment for Princess Louise.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that five years ago a newspaper boldly stated that the Princess was not mad, and that she had been put away in order to blindfold creditors. The issue of the newspaper which published this statement was suddenly exhausted. Twenty-four hours afterwards not a single copy could be had, although it was not made clear to the manager that the paper had acquired more readers than usual.

The Princess has stalwart champions in the German Press. The "Frankfurter Zeitung," one of the most reliable and best-conducted newspapers in Germany, characterises the latest story of the Princess as base villany committed with the object of keeping a woman, absolutely without defence, shut up for ever.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.

The proceedings at Castle Bromwich yesterday opened with one of those races best left alone—a National Hunt Flat. Five only were coloured on the card, but, through an error, Yenikale had been omitted, and he joined the others at the post. He was favourite and, moreover, proved successful, but luckily. Mr. Hastings, the rider of Black Bread, left the rails fifty yards from home, and the rider of Yenikale dashed the favourite through.

Despite the number of runners in the Molesey Selling Hurdle, very little wagering took place. In what transpired Troglodyte was favourite, but he could only finish second, Percy Woodland winning on Menelik, with his brother Herbert third on Cynosurus. After winning at Plumpton Menelik failed to elicit a bid. Yesterday Mr. Cowap gave 90 guineas for him.

Keplar and Pitch Dark made their debut over hurdles in the following race, and they finished first and third respectively. Lord Coventry's representative led throughout, Pitch Dark, the favourite, on whom odds were laid, being eight lengths away at the finish.

This led up to the Grand Annual Steeplechase, of the value of 200 sovereigns, and eleven competitors came under the starter's orders. The favourite was Key West, and to the delight of backers he won in a canter for that fine sportsman, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, thus making amends for previous placings at Haydock Park and Windsor.

Florinel won the Three Mile Selling Steeplechase from end to end, and Zanetto, after a grand finish, beat Iddo in the final event. Results:—

Race.	Horse.	Jockey.	Price.
Selling H't Flat (5)	Yenikale	Mr. S. J. Bell	6 to 4
Maiden H't (5)	Menelik	P. Woodland	6 to 1
Maiden H't (7)	Keplar	T. Garrett	6 to 1
G.A. H't (11)	Key West	E. Pigott	7 to 4
Three Mile S't (6)	Florinel	P. Woodland	evens
W'cap Hurdle (9)	Zanetto	T. Leader	9 to 4

There is a steeplechase meeting at Haydock Park to-day, when Hogarth, Cheriton Belle, Carrier Pigeon, Manhattan Bay, Keplar, and Fantastic may win their engagements.

Another British thoroughbred racehorse is to follow the Derby winner, Ard Patrick, and other distinguished racers, abroad—Royal Lancer having been sold to the Hungarian Government. This horse was a very creditable performer on the flat, carrying the late Sir J. Blundell Maples' popular colours to victory in, amongst other races, the Rous Memorial at Ascot, the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood (in which he had the distinction of defeating that beautiful filly Sceptre, upon whom long odds were laid), and the Derby Gold Cup.

HOME FROM SOMALILAND.

Canadian Officer Tells How He Was Mauled By a Panther.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Among the arrivals by yesterday's mail boats from the Continent was Major Leckie, a Canadian officer, invalided home from Somaliland, and who, like the French trainer whose experience was recorded in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, has suffered a severe mauling from one of the larger felidae.

Major Leckie's Somali adversary was a panther, which he had wounded at his first shot. The great feline, like the little ones, are notoriously cunning, and this one feigned death, thereby enticing his assailant into loading for a second shot.

While Major Leckie was making ready the ferocious beast sprang full at him, and for several minutes the officer and the panther were rolling over and over in a deadly struggle.

In order to save his head from the brute's teeth, Major Leckie thrust his left arm down the wounded panther's throat, thereby sustaining terrible injuries. The animal's claws, however, were fast in the officer's head, laying it open and inflicting great gashes on either cheek. Though both eyelids were torn, Major Leckie's eyes, happily, remained uninjured. At last the panther's wounds told, and, relinquishing its grasp, the animal fell back dead.

Major Leckie is slowly recovering from his terrible experience, but his left arm is still bandaged, and his face is marked by the severe mauling he received.

General Egerton's Victory.

Interviewed by Reuter, he spoke freely of General Egerton's victory over the Mullah's forces, which he described as the worst beating that prophet has ever known. Major Leckie also observed that, in view of the excellent military dispositions, it was only what was to be expected.

The Mullah and his people, he continued,

are all but hemmed in by the British and the Abyssinian armies, and there is every reason to believe that this is the beginning of the end of the present Mullah.

The Mullah himself, Major Leckie opines, will live to fight another day. That worthy is consistent in his objection to figure on the battlefield, and will, probably, now make for the coast and escape on a dhow.

The Future of Somaliland.

Speaking of the future of Somaliland, Major Leckie observed that even when the present Mullah is done with new ones will arise, and all the work will have to be done over again.

As for the water supply, it is not as black as it has been painted. Many subterranean wells exist, and with proper irrigation the land would prove valuable both for grazing and agricultural purposes. A railway from Berbera to Harar would not be difficult to build and would have a distinct commercial and strategic value.

The country, too, is not without mineral wealth. Gold has been found, though, so far, not in paying quantities. The whole base of the country is granite.

Lead, silver, quicksilver, and manganese have also been discovered.

THE KING'S CONGRATULATION.

The following telegram has been dispatched by the Secretary of State for War to Major-General Sir Charles Egerton, commanding the Somaliland Field Force.

"I am commanded by the King to inform you that his Majesty has heard with great satisfaction of the success gained by the troops under your command. He learns with regret of the loss which your victory has involved, and hopes to hear that the officers and men who have been wounded are doing well. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER."

LA BOXE ANGLAISE.

Paris Awaiting an Exhibition of English Fighting.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday.

Fond though French people are of emulating Englishmen's ideas of sport, the boxing match as London, New York, or Chicago knows it, has not passed into French traditions. Frenchmen have always looked on boxing with the fists as a brutal and unpleasant way of deciding quarrels, and although a la savate, which is a little boxing with a great deal of kicking in it, has become fairly popular owing to the elegant exposition of its grace by Castères and other masters of the art, the actual boxing match as a social entertainment is practically a thing unknown.

Nous avons changé tout cela. I hear that William Osborne, the ex-light-weight champion of America, and Ben Jordan, the World's light-weight champion, are shortly to meet here in Paris. The match is attracting considerable interest in sporting circles, for Frenchmen are anxious to see la boxe Anglaise as it really is, and one lady bearing one of the best known names in France is, I am told, seriously thinking of turning her drawing-room into a sand ring, and inviting her friends to see Osborne and Ben Jordan pummel one another.

A number of English sportsmen would have liked to see Jordan or Osborne matched against Castères or another champion of French fighting methods, but the unfortunate occurrence at a former match of this kind has caused this idea to be abandoned.

FRANCE'S "REAL ENEMIES."

M. Combes, the French Prime Minister, speaking at the banquet of the Republican Committee of Commerce and Industry, said France's love for peace was shown by the conclusion of two arbitration treaties and by the welcome extended to foreign Sovereigns. The real enemies of the Republic were the clerical reactionaries, but they had failed.—Reuter.

POPULARITY NO SIGN OF WEALTH.

A music-hall comedian, Samuel Redfern, was made to appear at Westminster yesterday to answer a summons for a debt. He did not appear, but a solicitor's clerk deposed that he was earning from £5 to £10 a week.

Witness: He is a popular comedian, both in London and the provinces. Judge Woodfall: Popularity is not evidence of means. I will not make an order.

HOW, INDEED?

"How," asked the street hawker summoned for creating an obstruction outside the Stock Exchange by exhibiting a mechanical toy in the street—"how could it be a mechanical toy when I pay only ninepence a dozen for them?"

He was informed that he had caused an obstruction, and would have to pay for it whether the toy was a mechanical one or not.

CONFESSED TO A HAIRDRESSER.

The Ladies of Arco Caught Unawares on a Rainy Day.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Tuesday.

Among the ladies of Arco, near Lake Garda, there is trouble. Their little peccadilloes have been taken to the confessional, but in the box was no priest, but a hairdresser's assistant. Barbers have a reputation for loose tongues. Consternation covers Arco with confusion.

It was typical British weather in Arco, rain and torrents, when the ladies trooped into the dimly-lighted church to confess. But a wandering hairdresser had also taken refuge from the rain, and, wrapped in his long black cloak, he was making himself comfortable in the confessional box.

When the confessions began he entered into the spirit of the situation and acted the part of priest. Not till many confessions had been made to him did one fair penitent take fright at a strange remark and run to tell the Sacristan.

The young man also ran, and got away. The police have arrested the probable delinquent, but, since he asserts his innocence with vehemence, and direct evidence is lacking, they are at a loss how to bring the business home to him.

"HAUSFRAU'S" EMANCIPATION.

Most un-German are the sentiments spoken by a Munich lecturer on the woman question. Woman, said the learned doctor, is the equal of man.

If she marries without love she simply sells herself in return for food, clothing, and pin-money. To lessen these temptations to matrimony, he suggests that every woman ought to attain complete monetary independence, so that when she marries she is able to contribute her share to the household expenses, or, at any rate, enough to keep and dress herself without the ignominy of accepting an allowance from her husband.

In order to set every good "Hausfrau" free from the kitchen cares which at present monopolise her energies, Dr. Lessing would have a system of co-operative housekeeping organised which would leave the ladies free to employ their talents in making money outside the home.

"Stormy applause" greeted the lecturer's revolutionary remarks, but we doubt if the majority of German housewives would care to give up their devotion to the Kaiser's three k's (Kinder, Küche, and Kirche) fighting for their daily bread in the market-place.

HOUSTONS AND THE "RING."

In confirmation of the announcement given in the *Daily Mirror* two days ago the "Shipping Gazette" states that the South African Shipping Conference are to-day issuing a circular to shippers, in which it is stated that Messrs Houston and Co. will in future co-operate with them.

ARE YOU "RADIO-ACTIVE"?

The Ray Theory of Miracles & Genius Test.

Science, spiritualism, and religion seem to meet on common ground in discussing the marvellous properties of radio-active bodies. "I have read the suggestive article in the *Daily Mirror*," said a member of the Psychological Research Society yesterday, "and I must confess that there seems to be something in the theory that radio-activity lies behind some so-called 'miracles.'"

What is a Miracle?

"What is a miracle? Only a seeming version of the natural order of things. Science has made such progress that the word is almost out of date. In the last century it covers in the application of science to everyday needs were always called 'miracles.' To-day nothing is called miracles."

"Here is something that a few hundred years ago would have been called 'miracles.' To-day I bought it for a penny from the street hawker."

The speaker produced a tiny top and a few strips of wire. Spinning the top with his fingers, he slid a piece of bent wire against it. At once the wire began to behave in an eccentric fashion, sliding to and fro on the side of the apparently motionless top. "Forget what you know about magnetism," said the scientist, "and you will say that it is steel wire is 'bewitched.' As a matter of fact, it is the top which is bewitched, or magnetised, and the wire, instead of breaking natural law, is obeying one."

The Division of the Red Sea.

"Consider the miracle workers of old and their 'miracles,' added the enthusiast; for example, Moses and the dividing of the Red Sea. When we see what enormous forces of activity reside in a microscopic fragment of radium, why should anyone doubt the possibility of a man being equal to the task of thrusting asunder the particles of water in the Red Sea?"

"Every seemingly superhuman feat can be explained by the theory that some men are more radio-active than others. Some men are possibly also more radio-receptive, or susceptible to the emanations of known unknown rays, and that may explain some people 'see visions' and others 'dream.' It gives an actuality to our subjective dreams." It gives an actuality to our subjective dreams. The power of the body to emit rays has been found to vary, so its power to receive them may vary, too.

"We must go into this question as deeply as we can. Very strange results may be obtained from testing the radio-activity of different men. We may find that it is a quality which men of ability may be discovered, and should not be surprised to find that men of great intellect are more intensely radio-active than others. That may explain why the greatest men are not always those who are most perfect in a physical sense."

ARTISTS' "AULD LANG SYNE."

At the dinner given last night by the national Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers to M. Rodin, most of the speakers were in French, and even Mr. Rodin began his speech in that language.

Compliments were showered upon M. Rodin, but it was plain that he did not understand a word of them. His own speech lasted a few seconds, and the remarks of M. Cottet were shorter still.

M. Thaulow spoke in English, and was vociferously applauded when he said, "I try to be so short as possible."

It was generally agreed that M. Rodin's appearance, is strikingly like Michelangelo's statue of Moses.

It was interesting to note the mystification of the foreign artists when the company sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." But close upon midnight, the entire company sang "Auld Lang Syne," the foreign artists seemed no longer to misunderstand the hilarity.

The champagne was dry and good.

NOW ON THE BLACK LIST.

Mrs. Mills, better known as Mrs. Popham, house Mills, entered in the course of her husband's life more public-houses than any other drunkard.

She was a staunch seller of the "War Cry." She would brave any bar to sell a copy, and would accept a drink, too, if the offerer would buy one, but it was a lemonade she called for. If a whisky was insisted upon, she would sit on the floor, saying she had not agreed to drink it.

Once her papers were set on fire by drunken sailors in a Whitechapel street house, but the landlord made them refund the value, and apologise. One was so struck by the affair that he became an Army officer, and was among those who followed Mrs. Mills' funeral yesterday.

Prince Alexander of Teck, who has been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge at Windsor Castle, has left for the Depot, Canterbury, for military duties. Prince Alexander and Princess Alice have already received several handsome wedding presents.

ENTENTE CORDIALE

Between the Bar and the Finance in the Whitaker Wright Case

LEDGERS BY THE LOAD.

Whatever its result may be, the trial of Whitaker Wright, which completed its day yesterday, will always be looked back upon with pleasure both by the Bar and the V of Finance.

It has made a red-letter mark in the history of both by being the occasion when each came to appreciate the other thoroughly in the capacity for the scientific winding of the intricate in the folds of the yet more intricate of the other. The Bar and the V of Finance have met as man to man, expert to expert, and have nearly understood one another.

It was this genial atmosphere of mutual admiration of one another's gifts on the part of King's Bench Court VIII. so enjoyed yesterday.

A Dispute About Evidence.

There was luckily a good deal more to move about in than on the first day, at every side one found K.C.'s beaming, Registrars, and promoters hobnobbing with each other. On this charming scene Whitaker Wright radiated looks of approval through his gold spectacles. There was a man in court than Mr. Whitaker Wright.

In honour of this great reunion between Walton and the abstruse, Mr. Launceston and Mr. Rufus Isaacs felt themselves bound to give an exhibition of the subtlest treatment of the obscure directly to the form of an objection to evidence. Isaacs, said Mr. Walton, was going to evidence about certain alleged misrepresntations which he had not specified in his recondite and the abstruse, Mr. Launceston and Mr. Rufus Isaacs felt themselves bound to give an exhibition of the subtlest treatment of the obscure directly to the form of an objection to evidence. Isaacs, said Mr. Walton, was going to evidence about certain alleged misrepresntations which he had not specified in his recondite and the abstruse, Mr. Launceston and Mr. Rufus Isaacs felt themselves bound to give an exhibition of the subtlest treatment of the obscure directly to the form of an objection to evidence. 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LEDGERS BY THE LOAD.

Alexander of Teck, who has
with the Duke and Duchess
r Castle, has left for the
Canterbury, for military
Alexander and Princess Alice
received several handsome

On my father.
On my mother.
On my sister.

[We have received requests from many of our readers for copies of our cartoons suitable for framing. Anyone who would like to have a copy of this cartoon printed upon special paper can have it by writing to us and enclosing this announcement, with a stamp to defray postage.]

KLONDYKE IN LONDON.

Ladies and Gentlemen at Work in the
Battersea Goldfields.

A special *Daily Mirror* representative turned out early yesterday morning to see how the gold-hunters were faring who are looking for the £900 that are left of the original £1,000 hidden about London by the "Weekly Dispatch," in lots of £50.

Battersea Park was the point selected by him, and unselfishly devoting himself to duty, he stood aside while others scraped and scrambled for the buried treasure.

All round the park railings, runs his report, ranged a motley crowd of men and women armed with sticks, umbrellas, golf clubs, and sundry implements of husbandry. Occasionally a rustle of unseen silk proclaimed the lady of fashion. Beside her stooped, maybe, a swarthy, unshaven coalheaver, or a gentleman in khaki. Further on one met the typical half-pay colonel with neatly-turned trousers and carefully waxed moustache.

The seven ages of man and woman—from the infant mewling in its mother's arms to the greybeard or granny mumbling toothless gums—were represented by countless duplicates. Sometimes whole families arrived and began to prod in harmony. Impromptu partnerships were formed among perfect strangers. Elaborate strategies were devised by ladies and gentlemen unintroducted. Rain did not damp nor wet feet stale their infinite anxiety.

The only unconcerned persons in all that motley gathering were the park-keepers, who smiled, superior and aloof, as men and women groped or scattered at a false alarm. Only once was their serenity disturbed, the offender being a skittish spinster who ambled up to one worthy officer and with lavish smiles tried to betray him into imparting information. "I'm sure you know where it is hidden," she said; "you look so wise."

"AULD LANG SYNE"

her given last night by the Society of Sculptors; Painters, and Engravers, and by Mr. Rodin, most of the speech in French, and even Mr. Rodin's speech in that language. He was showered upon with plaudits, and it was plain that he did not understand of them. His own speech was in French, and in a few seconds, and the remarks of the shorter still. He then spoke in English, and was applauded when he said, "as short as possible." He generally agreed that M. Rodin is strikingly like the statue of Moses.

The insurrectionist chief Apostol, who seldom lets a day pass without a new outrage, has (says Reuter) put three fresh crimes to his credit in four days. News came in yesterday of three murders committed by Albanian immigrants. The victims were people who did not wish to have these Albanians as guards on their farms.

ON THE BLACK LEAF

s, better known as Mrs. ¹
entered in the course of her
public-houses than any ha

The troubles in German South-West Africa are by no means at an end.

The Government (says a Reuters Berlin telegram) has received a telegram from Windhoek stating that a rising of the Herero tribe is considered possible, but that as yet no open hostilities have occurred.

Parties of Hereros, several hundred strong and armed with rifles, are at Okahandya and Otyosasu. In the north there are about four hundred whites at the disposal of the authorities. These have been mobilised and armed with a mountain gun and three machine guns. The strength of the garrison at Okahandya has been brought up to ninety men and at Windhoek to 100 men.

CAN YOU SPEAK IT?

Canon Bell, in his presidential address at the Incorporated Association of Headmasters meeting at the Guildhall yesterday, remarked that complaints came from many quarters, including the universities and the army, of the deplorable ignorance of English. Our schools would have to be converted from the heresy that English could be picked up anyhow without devoting time especially to it.

WHAT WILL THE CATS DO?

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
Berlin, Wednesday.

Johanna Wegener, a widow of seventy years, who was well known as an eccentric recluse, was to-day found dead in a woodyard. Frau Wegener's husband, who lost all he possessed through a bank failure nineteen years ago, made an effort to retrieve his fortunes but failed, and soon died.

For the past eight years the widow has lived precariously by knitting stockings. She would associate with no one, but lived in one tiny room among a crowd of cats, for whose food she fetched in a pail the refuse from the restaurants. Stray cats from all the courtyards round waited the return of their Lady Bountiful, who fed them punctually twice a

This morning the poor old soul was found lying dead, with a favourite cat asleep by the side of her.

TALE OF TWO VISITS.

Mr. John Williamson, a schoolmaster from Skipton, Yorkshire, sat in the gallery at Drury Lane Theatre on Friday afternoon thoroughly appreciating "Humpty Dumpty." But during the performance his gold watch, his chain, and a seal were stolen.

The police advised him to go to the gallery again on Monday. He did so, and observed, depending from the chain of a man sitting immediately behind him, what he felt certain was his missing seal. He asked to be allowed to examine it—a request which was granted.

Private marks on the seal left no room for doubt that the seal was his, and he had the man, John Flynn, arrested. The latter was remanded at Bow-street yesterday.

WHY, INDEED?

WHY, INDEED?

Wright sits at the solicitors' table
on a criminal trial?

bridge-road, W. CATESBY BAX.

THE DEBTORS' CHORUS.

THE DEBTORS' CHORUS.
 Every debtor present in Westminster Court yesterday under judgment was joined in the chorus of "penniless and absolutely without means." Their respective responses to the usual question as to how they lived were not without interest, for they answered,
 "On my father."
 "On my mother."
 "On my mother."
 "On my mother."

On my brother.
On my friends,

DOWAGER-EMPRESS'S GUEST.

First Englishwoman to Stay in the Palace at Pekin.

HOW OFFICIALS "KOWTOW" TO HER.

There have been many rumours about the reconciliation of the Dowager-Empress of China to the ways of the "foreign devil" and to Western civilisation generally, and many doubts have been cast upon the sincerity of her motives there anent, but the present position at the Summer Palace looks as if a step had at last been taken in this direction.

An English lady, Miss Kate Carl, has for some months past been staying with the Empress as her guest, and is now occupying a very high post of honour in the Imperial circle.

Miss Carl—who is an artist of great talent and an Associate of the Champ de Mars—left Paris, where she had resided some eight years, for China last spring. Going up to Pekin to stay with the American Minister, she was presented to the Dowager-Empress, who thereupon took a violent fancy to her, and insisted on her taking up her abode in a suite of rooms in the Palace.

Here the first Englishwoman who has ever stayed within the sacred precincts was waited upon hand and foot; the highest Court functionaries are obliged to "kowtow" to her, and she takes precedence even of the late Chinese Ambassador in France and his family, by whom she had often been entertained in Paris. Many delicacies hitherto unknown to the Mongolian palate have been specially imported for her use, while the Empress makes a point of reserving for her from the Imperial table any specially tempting samples of native cooking.

Miss Carl is painting three large portraits of her august hostess, one of which will shortly be ready for dispatch to St. Louis, where it will be shown at the great Exhibition.

PRINCESS'S WEDDING POSTPONED.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Tuesday.

The wedding of Princess Marie of Reuss and Baron Guagnoni, a young lieutenant in the Austrian Army, was to have taken place on Thursday, but it has been postponed on account of religious scruples.

The Baron and his parents are strong Roman Catholics, while the Princess is a Protestant. The parents objected to the marriage being solemnised by Protestant rites. This opposition did not weigh with the Princess, who readily consented to be married according to Roman Catholic rites. But the necessary permission was not accorded. Whereupon the Baron announced his intention of being married according to Catholic rites. But in so deciding he reckoned without his parents, who once more offered strenuous opposition to this form of marriage ceremony.

It is now announced that the marriage has been postponed indefinitely. In fact, it is even declared that it may never take place.

THE visit of the King and Queen is being eagerly anticipated in Ireland, especially in the west of the country, where her Majesty won all hearts by her grace and beauty during the last royal tour. One poor peasant, who had tramped many miles barefooted to see the King and Queen at a station (Ennis) en route from Galway to Kerry, was so struck by Queen Alexandra's charm, that, as she declared it, "the sight left her eyes," and she could only describe her Majesty's face as resembling "the Virgin's," it was so sweet, so pure, and holy in its expression!

It is said that the King and Queen will visit Lord and Lady Ormonde during their Irish tour. Kilkenny Castle is a most interesting old place, full of wonderful tapestry and pictures, which are of immense historical value. The story of the millionaire American, who insisted on having an exact replica of it built for himself, is therefore very typical.

The women of Warwick have presented Lady Marjorie Greville with a beautiful piece of wood-carving, and the artist has been much gratified by Lady Marjorie saying that it shall be kept as an heirloom. All the wedding presents will be shown at Warwick Castle in the great hall next Saturday, for which function over one thousand invitations have been issued. There is a great feeling of disappointment in Warwick that comparatively so few of the townspeople can be admitted to St. Mary's Church next Tuesday, as every seat is already allotted.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston is expected to leave India this week for England, as she has never entirely recovered from the strain of the Durbar festivities, and needs a rest. She will probably bring her two little girls with her. Lady Curzon is the first American lady to become Vicereine of India, and when the appointment of her husband was announced there was a good deal of heartburning among ladies in Indian society that the daughter of a Chicago pork-butcher—thus

A LEAP-YEAR BOOM.

Ten Fair Americans Take the Fateful Step.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

New York.

Michael Colombo, so-called Mayor of North-street Section, New York, was yesterday married to Miss Fernando, the daughter of a banker. Afterwards they held a reception, at which there was regular whirlwind of leap-year proposals. Even the American record was beaten.

Ten blushing damsels proposed to as many eligible bachelors and were accepted. Not to be behindhand twenty anxious young men took courage and asked the question of their sweethearts, who were all willing.

When one father announced that his daughter's wedding was fixed for February 7 the thirty engagements seemed about to end in a stampede to matrimony.

MISSING IN SOMALILAND.

Captain the Hon. Thomas Lister, whose name is the only one among the officers reported as missing after the battle in Somaliland, is the eldest son of Lord Ribblesdale, and a very distinguished young man. His regiment is the 10th Hussars, and he served in South Africa, when he was twice mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. Like all his family, he is extremely good-looking and very popular. His father is a well-known Liberal peer, who is called "Tommy" by his intimates, and whom the King once named "The Ancestor" on account of the old-world type of his face. He invariably, when in the country, wears an old-fashioned high stock, which heightens this look, and there was never a more popular Master of the Buckhounds than he. Like Lady Ribblesdale, who is a sister of Mrs. Asquith, he is a "Soul," and the greatest sympathy is felt with the family in their grief.



CAPTAIN THE HON. THOMAS LISTER.
Who is reported "missing."

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Stranded Poet Dies in the Arms of a Stone Venus.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

Martel Hullet was a young poet of Montparnasse who had found the pursuit of the Muses extremely unprofitable. Sunk into the deepest poverty, he accepted the friendly hospitality of a sculptor, M. Charles Jolly, who found him, desolate and hungry, contemplating the stars from a doorstep.

The sculptor's agitation was great when, coming home last night, he found his studio turned into a sort of chapel. The walls were draped in black; candles symmetrically arranged gave out a lugubrious light; and in the arms of a stone Venus was the body of his poet protégé. He had hung himself by a rope tied round the goddess's neck.

Another curiosity of suicide—in this case an unsuccessful attempt—is reported by our Vienna correspondent.

A student of the Prague Conservatoire of Music sat down to a piano, and with his left hand played Chopin's Funeral March, while he fired at his heart with his right. He is now in the hospital with a bullet in his lungs.

CHILD WHO MAY BE QUEEN.

Princess Maria del Pilar, the little thirteen-year-old Princess whom rumour has assigned as a fiancée to the young King of Spain, is the third child of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria. Her mother is Princess Maria de la Paz, an Infanta of Spain, so there are already close ties of kinship between the two.

The pretty little girl Princess is, however,



PRINCESS MARIA DEL PILAR.
The rumoured fiancée of the King of Spain.

still in the schoolroom, and, as several years must elapse before she blossoms out into a full-blown young lady, it seems more than doubtful whether a visit to Madrid will result in anything like a formal betrothal.

King Alfonso will not be eighteen years old till next May, but since he entered his teens many prospective brides have been found for him, though he has not yet succeeded in beating the record in rumoured engagements made by the Crown Prince of Prussia, who is only three years his senior.

HAMPERED MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Frustrated Art Ambitions.

HOW AMERICAN COLLECTORS ARE "DONE."

Some time ago the authorities of Kensington Museum, being short of space on account of building operations, were forced to request the removal of certain loan collections, among them being that of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Glasgow immediately wrote to Mr. Morgan suggesting that he should favour the enterprising city.

A Daily Mirror representative, passing in the museum yesterday afternoon, looked in to ascertain what had finally become of this particular one of Mr. Morgan's numerous art collections, which consisted of some excellent examples of Limoges ware, bronzes, medals, and Flemish tapestry. There it was, still, fairly intact. On inquiry, it was found that the museum authorities have refused to remove, although part of the collection has been removed, the greater portion remains at Kensington.

Glasgow, however, has not been left out of the cold, for Mr. Morgan has found another collection to lend the city.

A prominent art expert gave some interesting details concerning the American millionaire's career as an art collector. At one time Mr. Morgan had an idea of founding an American National Museum of Art, comprehensive and valuable enough to rank with similar national institutions.

Too 'Cute to Succeed!

This was some years ago, before the New York Customs became so exorbitant. Mr. Morgan acquired more practical knowledge than that possessed by most Americans, and commenced to buy upon a comprehensive scale. Now he has enough genuine treasures to constitute the basis of a very good museum. In consequence of the enormous cost of taking his purchases into the States, he keeps them here and lends them to English exhibitions.

The expert who gave these facts added that he was recently asked to visit the United States to value and advise upon certain collections.

"I refused immediately," he said, "because I feared to offend the owners by my opinion of their treasures. In my opinion, outside the collections of Mr. Morgan and a few others, there is very little genuine art to be found in the United States. Americans attempt to pick up things themselves, or through inferior dealers and agents. The consequence is that the Gainsboroughs, the noddies, Corots, Velasquez they acquire in nine cases out of ten, only worthless copies."

DROWNED BY A TIDAL WAVE.

Mr. R. C. Quin, the city electrical engineer, is dead. He was at Tangier, County Donegal, on Monday with several engineering friends engaged in surveying a quarry, and while he was standing on the bank a tidal wave swept in from the Atlantic and washed him into the sea. An attempt was made to rescue him, but without success. The body was recovered.

Nancy" had won the competition of the "Goers' Club" that Miss Netta Syrett became known to the general public. Nevertheless, she has been writing for something like twenty years, and was a regular contributor to the "Yellow Book," the "Pall Mall," and the "Speaker." Her play was not successful, especially for the competition, but she was lying by her, and when she saw the announcement Miss Syrett thought she would send it in, never dreaming that she would be successful. Three of her fairy plays were performed this afternoon and to-morrow at the Albert Hall Theatre in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

It is some time now since Miss Hobhouse has come before us, and even in her thrilling adventure in South Africa, of which we read yesterday, she maintained her attitude against the black men and their assistance to help her out of the wilderness into which she had fallen, and until a white man came to her aid, Miss Hobhouse, who is a niece of Lord Hobhouse, is a pleasant-looking woman between forty and forty-five, with white hair and a smile. She did a wonderful work among the Boer women in the concentration camps, though the good she did in South Africa was somewhat marred by her intemperate letters on her return to England.

Mr. Horatio Fraser is one of the millionaires who is probably as well known in Europe as in America. A few years ago he was all over the world. A few years ago he was in Europe, and before leaving Paris he went to Claridge's Hotel for rooms for himself and son. He was received in obsequious manner and was much gratified at being shown a suite of fine rooms on the first floor. He was in London he received every attention, everyone waiting on him hand and foot, it was only on leaving Claridge's that he found that he had been mistaken for a well-known military man of the same name, who was just then high in public favour.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

simply did Mr. Leiter, Lady Curzon's father, begin life—should take precedence of every one of them. But Lady Curzon speedily overcame all prejudices by her sweet graciousness of manner coupled with her beauty. She is accomplished to a degree, speaking French, German, Spanish, and Italian perfectly, besides being extremely witty. Once in Washington, after hearing a malicious story, she asked the source and was told it emanated from three daughters of a certain retired general who were much given to gossip. "Ah! battle, murder, and sudden death," sighed Miss Mary Leiter, as she was then, and so the three ladies have been known ever since.

In spite of her important position, Lady Curzon is wonderfully simple-minded and unostentatious. Indeed, it is said she has suffered a good deal from the way in which her relatives have made capital out of the fact of her husband being Viceroy of India. A year or so ago, her mother, Mrs. Leiter, was travelling in Egypt, and being anxious to get from one place to another very quickly, went to the station and demanded that a special train should be run for her at once. On being told she would have to pay heavily for it, she said, "But I am the mother of the Vicereine of India," seemingly expecting that a special train would be furnished gratis forthwith. "That may be," replied the official; "and you can certainly have a special train, madam, if you are prepared to pay for it."

Calcutta is very much amused at present over the attempts of various ladies, who are not as beautiful as Lady Curzon, to imitate her smile. They have already had their Curzon hats and Curzon coats, Curzon collars and Curzon cuffs, Curzon dresses and Curzon

bonnets; and now the latest fashion is "the Curzon smile." The photographers of Calcutta are in despair over customers who insist on being photographed with a smile on their countenance that spoils the likeness altogether. The craze is certainly ridiculous, but it is nevertheless a distinct tribute to Lady Curzon's popularity.

Sir Edward Clarke, the greatest and most successful lawyer of the day, who speaks on the licensing question at the Constitutional Club to-day, is entirely a self-made man, who owes to his own perseverance and initiative the important position he now holds. His father was a jeweller in Watling street, and at the age of eighteen Sir Edward entered the India Office; while he was there he found time to study law, and became Tancred Law Student. Since then he has risen rapidly, and is wont to say that his best speech, and the one by which he made his name, was before Mr. Justice Kekewich, who sat alone on the Bench, there being no jury.

Sir Edward Clarke is one of the very few men who still wear mutton-chop whiskers, and in appearance he is very small and always extremely natty. When away from London he likes to forget all about his work, and his favourite pastime is lawn tennis, at which he is an adept. He cares very little for society, and was a most regular attendant at the House of Commons when in Parliament. When there, it was a common sight to see him glance up at the reporters' gallery, doubtless thinking of the time when he worked up there, and dreaming of when he would be "reported," not "reporting."

Although she had already written and published a good many stories and articles, it was not until her play, "The Finding of

RED MILLIONAIRE.

at Morgan's Frustrated
rt Ambitions.

AN COLLECTORS ARE 'DONE.'

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Mr. Morgan has found another
lend the city.

at art expert gave some interest-
concerning the American collec-
as an art collector. "At one time
had an idea of founding a
tional Museum of Art, comparable
valuable enough to rank with
nal institutions.

to Succeeded!

ome years ago, before the war
is became so exorbitant, Mr.
quired more practical knowledge
essed by most Americans, and
to buy upon a comprehensive
he has enough genuine treasure
e the basis of a very good col-
in consequence of the enormous
ng his purchases into the Eng-
m here and lends them to Eng-

t who gave these facts added to
ntly asked to visit the library
lue and advise upon certain col-
immediately," he said, "because
offend the owners by a display
their treasures. In my opinion
collections of Mr. Morgan are
there is very little genuine art
the United States. Americans
pick up things themselves or give
alers and agents. The only
that the Gainsboroughs, the
rots, Velasquez they acquire
ses out of ten, only worth

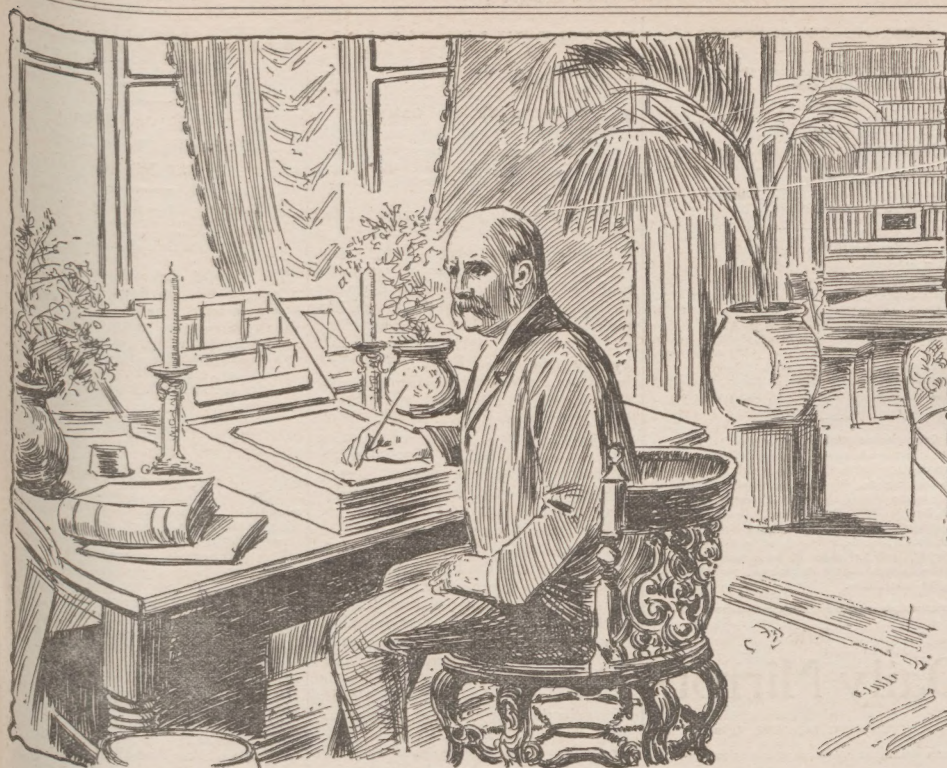
WNED BY A TIDAL WAVE.

Quin, the city electrical engineer
is dead. He was at Tam-
negal, on Monday with several
friends engaged in surveying
l while he was standing on the
e swept in from the Atlantic
into the sea. An attempt was
escue him, but without suc-
was recovered.

id won the competition of the
b that Miss Netta Syrett be-
the general public. Neverthe-
in writing for something like two
a regular contributor to the
ok," the "Pall Mall," and
Her play was not without
for the competition, but she had
er, and when she saw the announce-
Syrett thought she might as
never dreaming that she would
Three of her fairy plays were
this afternoon and to-morrow
Hall Theatre in aid of the So-
vention of Cruelty to Children.

ne time now since Miss Hobbes
come before us, and even in her
adventure in South Africa, of
esterday, she maintained her
against the black men and re-
stance to help her out of the
which she had fallen, and
white man came to her aid.
t, who is a niece of Lord Hobbes,
sant-looking woman and a char-
with white hair and a chame-
he did a wonderful work among
women in the concentration camps
e good she did in South Africa
marred by her intemperate
return to England.

ratio Fraser is one of the many
to is probably as well known
s in America, as his tablets are
he world. A few years ago he
e, and before leaving Paris he
ge's Hotel for rooms for himself
was received in obsequious
much gratified at being shown
f fine rooms on the first floor.
London he received every atten-
waiting on him hand and foot,
only on leaving Claridge's he
at he had been mistaken for a
military man of the same name,
then high in public favour.



Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the famous librettist of Savoy operas, in his library.

MR. W. S. GILBERT AT WORK AGAIN.

THE LIBRETTIST WHO WROTE A
PLAY TO PLEASE HIMSELF.

The announcement that Mr. W. S. Gilbert,
the veteran librettist, has written another
play has aroused much interest, for it
a long time now since any new work has
emanated from his pen.

It will be remembered probably that after
the production of "Brantingham Hall," at
the St. James's Theatre, Mr. Gilbert an-
nounced in all seriousness that he had de-
finitely abandoned the idea of writing another
play.

The Decent Play.
Mr. Gilbert once said: "I believe the test
of a good play is this question: Whether or
not the details of the story presented can be
numbered told at a dinner party at which a
number of ladies and gentlemen are present.
I have always kept this test in view in writing
my plays, and have never found myself in-
conveniently hampered thereby."

Very few authors are as interesting as their
work. But Mr. Gilbert is as amusing as his
"Punch" and, above all, he is a rapid, brilliant
writer. No other living man has done more
to make the theatre the place of beauty and
delight than he.

Called "at" the Bar.
Mr. Gilbert was born in a street off the
Grand sixty-seven years ago, and his grand-
father was the last man in London to wear
his hair in a queue. At the age of twenty-
seven he was called to the Bar, but during

the four years he practised was most unfor-
tunate in his clients.

On making his maiden speech in the pro-
secution of an old Irishwoman for stealing a
coat, the prisoner would not allow him to
proceed. "Ah, ye old devil," she shouted,
"sit down—don't be listenin' to him, yer
honour. He's as drunk as a lord, yer honour.
Sit down, yer dirty blackguard—and him that
is known in all the slums of Liverpool, an'
all an' all, too."

Too Humorous.

In face of this abuse the young barrister
could do nothing, and, amidst the laughter
of the court, he had at last to throw himself
on the protection of the Recorder.

Once, when Mr. Gilbert won the case for his
client, an excitable little Frenchman, the man
was so delighted that in open court he flung
both his arms round the barrister's neck and
kissed him repeatedly on both cheeks.

Mr. Gilbert has been a magistrate, a
militiaman, a farmer, a contributor to
"Punch," and an artist.

At the time of his election to the magistracy
the comic papers indulged in many jokes at
the famous librettist's expense, and the
humorists of the day confidently expected
that Mr. Gilbert would enact similar episodes
on the Bench to those seen in his comic
operas, but he disappointed them all.

Stocks and Crops.

Mr. Gilbert's home stands in a hundred
acres right on top of the glorious Weald of
Harrow. He farms the land himself, and can
talk of crops and stock with as glib a tongue
as a professional agriculturist. There is an
ideal garden, too, where white pigeons drink
out of shallow Italian bowls upon the lawn.
Everything is well planned and beautifully
kept, and the rose-walks, monkey house, the
lake and its fish, and an Egyptian tent are
never-failing sources of wonder to the visitor.

Although the Gilberts give the jolliest of
week-end parties, and the brightest star is
generally the host himself, Mr. Gilbert
is seen at his best at rehearsal. He
marches up and down the stage, advising
an alteration here, an intonation there, and
with so much strength of conviction that all
his suggestions are adopted without a
moment's hesitation.

He never loses his temper, sees the weak
points at once, and his tact on all occasions
is wonderful.

During the rehearsals of his last play,
"Brantingham Hall," at the St. James's



THE CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF MR. W. S. GILBERT, THE MAGISTRATE.
At the time of the well-known librettist's elevation to the magistracy many jokes were made at his expense, the humorists of the day apparently expecting him to carry his comic opera methods into court.

Theatre, Mr. Gilbert's proverbial patience was
somewhat tried by one of the lady artists'
inability to speak one particular line as he
thought it should be rendered. The actress
had to exclaim, after making a hurried en-
trance on the stage: "Stay! let me speak!"
Time after time she persisted in saying,
"Stay, stay—let me speak!" Time after time
she was reminded of her wrong delivery.

At last Mr. Gilbert's patience became ex-
hausted, and he remarked, "No, miss—you
are wrong again; it isn't 'stay, stay,' it's
'stay!—one stay, not a pair of stays!'"

Mr. Gilbert's plays have always been huge
successes in America. Over one hundred
thousand representations of his plays have
been given in the United States, which means

that at one time and another Mr. Gilbert has
charmed a vast audience of 100,000,000 persons
—truly an immeasurable achievement.

It is interesting to recall that "The Mikado"
was suggested by the circumstance that there
once hung in Mr. Gilbert's library a huge
Japanese executioner's sword, the very one, in
fact, which Mr. Grossmith afterwards carried
in his personation of "Ko-Ko." A picture of
a Beef-eater on a wall advertisement gave Mr.
Gilbert the idea for "The Yeoman of the
Guard."

Mr. Gilbert considers his best plays to be
"Broken Hearts" and "Gretchen." The latter
only ran for a fortnight. "But," says Mr.
Gilbert, "I wrote it to please myself, and not
to please the public."

TO PLEAT OR NOT TO PLEAT.

Latest of the Freaks of Military
Fashion.

"To pleat or not to pleat, that is the ques-
tion."

The War Office has decreed that as far as
the British Army is concerned all pleated
sashes are to be consigned to limbo, and
others of a new pattern, guiltless of such
frivolous amplitude, are to be substituted.

The pleatless sash then, to speak in the
dialect of the fashion-journalist, "has come
to stay." But has it? There's the rub.

The new pattern replaces one which itself
was "le dernier cri" a very short time ago,
and had perforce been purchased by officers
in every branch of the Service. These gentle-
men, one cannot but surmise, will feel, con-
scious as they are of the absolute desirability
of the innovation, some sad reluctance at
having to sacrifice some three pounds apiece
on the altar of their country's sartorial ambi-
tions.

Only the pen of the "Tailor and Cutter" might
rehearse this little tragedy aright,

so intricate are the details and so technical
the phraseology in which are recorded the
principal changes which the Motherland has
seen fit to make in the uniform and equip-
ment of her fighting sons.

Let us follow the fate of the roll collar. In
1880 the badges of rank were removed from
collar to sleeve, and the badgeless collar
proved so unpleasing to the powers that were,
that it was altogether abolished, and a stand-
up collar introduced.

In 1898 the roll collar was reinstalled in
favour, the gold lace being removed there-
from, and three years later the lace was re-
placed to harmonise with the decoration of the
coat-tails.

The cut of tunics and coats went through
even more vicissitudes. Gold lace appeared
and vanished, red serges (Indian pattern) gave
place to red serges (English pattern), and blue
serges (Norfolk jacket shape) were ousted by

blue serges of novel design with the Sam
Browne sword-belt.

In 1881 the "cheese-cutter" cap, beloved of
nursemaids, vanished into the Ewigkeit, to
make room for peaked caps. These were
followed by field service caps in 1886, and
forage caps (naval pattern) in 1901.

More than one regiment might aptly have
adopted a chameleon as its crest, so swiftly
have the changes followed one upon another,
and more than a few voices have been raised
in respectful protest against the great expense
incurred by these quick-change tactics.

The latest order anent the sash will form
another peg on which to hang a fresh edition
of this long-standing and not altogether un-
reasonable grievance.



Mr. Gilbert's House, Grim's Dyke.

SHAM FIGHT WITH BULLETS.

Remarkable Allegations of Military Neglect.

The realistic sham fight at Camberley last month, when a private named Thomson was shot through the chest with a ball cartridge, was the subject of strong comment at a meeting of the Camberley District Council last night.

A resolution was passed expressing indignation and calling the attention of the War Office to the fact that no local civilian witnesses of the occurrence were called to give evidence at the private inquiry which had been held at Aldershot. The council resolved that a thing should not occur again, and decided to call the attention of the M.P. for the division to the question, with a view to its being raised in Parliament.

It was stated that several ball cartridges were fired, and that in addition to Private Thomson, several civilians had very narrow escapes of being shot. One member remarked that it was a wonder that nine other people were not killed. Other speakers pointed out that St. Mary's Mission Church was hit by no fewer than four separate bullets, while six cartridge cases, two being still locked in each containing a bullet were picked up in the public streets after the sham fight was over.

Mr. Kennett said after Private Thomson was wounded it took over three hours for a military ambulance to be brought to him, and then it was without blankets or pillows. The latter was lent by a neighbouring public house, who received them back from the military authorities blood-stained and unwashed.

DOUBLE-ACTION CASTIGATION.

How the Young Idea is Taught Arithmetic in Germany.

The German Army is, judging from recent cases, a good school for learning new methods of brutality. It was probably here that a schoolmaster named Detitius, whose trial at Elberfeld yesterday, acquired the trouble.

Detitius is an officer in the Reserves, and brought barrack-room methods into his school. He is now charged with causing the death of a thirteen-year-old boy named Busche, who, while strong and healthy, was backward in his arithmetic.

It is the method, as Reuter eloquently describes it, the German military Dr. Busby employed to quicken the young idea.

He was in the habit of punishing boys by holding their heads back close to a wall and then striking them in such a way that their heads were jerked violently against it.

On January 8, 1902, because Busche wrote some figures badly on a black board, Detitius took him and struck him twice in the manner described, the boy's head coming on each occasion in violent contact with the wall.

The blows were so severe that the boy's collar was torn, and he was suffering from headache and sickness, and two days later a doctor set in, then blindness, and, finally, early in June last, after great suffering, the boy died, what had happened.

SENTENCE ON A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.
Mrs. Georgina Henry Sparks, the wife of a Gloucestershire clergyman, was sentenced to five months' imprisonment—to date from the first day of the session—by the Common Bench at the Old Bailey yesterday.

She had, it was stated, started a laundry at Margate, and for the purpose of extending it subsequently acquired the leases of two houses. In want of money, she took a copy of her own stamped paper copies of the lease, and these stamped copies, which had the appearance of genuine leases, in her possession, she advertised for loans, and obtained two of £250 and £450 on the security of the leases.

The Common Serjeant said he did not believe the matter was the emanation of her brain originally. At the same time she had been an intelligent agent in working with the forged deeds.

"A. W." ON HER PALM.
As a sequel to the case in which Miss Augusta Hietand was charged with threatening letters to shoot the Rev. A. W. Williams, Cardiff parson, Mrs. Louise Marriott, his lady, was yesterday sent for trial for forgery.

Miss Hietand, the attractive Swiss governess, said she had many times consulted the confessor who told her the letters "A. W." were distinctly outlined on her palm. She confessed her love for the rector, and gave as much as £3. She denied writing the threatening letters, and recognised that they were in the handwriting of the defendant.

The palmist vehemently declared her innocence.
Chelsea Borough Council has received an offer from Mr. P. Fitzgerald, F.S.A., offering to place in the Council Chamber a bust of Thomas Carlyle, executed in copper gilt.

JAPAN'S REJOINDER TO RUSSIA.

Said to Allow a Final Chance of Reviewing the Situation.

FATEFUL MEETING OF JAPANESE MINISTERS.

English Merchant Says the Siberian Railway May Be Blown Up.

The most important news from Japan is that the Government's final reply to Russia has been drafted, after a protracted conference of Ministers in the presence of the Emperor. It is believed not to take the form of an ultimatum, but to leave Russia a last opportunity of coming to terms. It is, however, intimated that Japan cannot wait beyond a certain time for Russia's rejoinder.

There is naturally a feeling of intense anxiety in the Japanese capital, and the outlook, considered rather more favourable in Europe, is regarded as of the gloomiest character. One of the most sober of the Tokyo journals goes so far as to discuss in a leading article the form that a declaration of war should take, suggesting that the world should be acquainted, in the event of hostilities, with the true grounds of the quarrel and the nature of Russia's proposals.

A curious statement, which seems to have foundation, is made to the effect that the two new Japanese cruisers which left Genoa on Saturday morning, ostensibly bound for Suez, have altered their course, and will now make their way to Japan through the Straits of Gibraltar and round Cape Horn. This voyage would take six weeks longer than the Suez Canal route, and in the most favourable circumstances the ships could not reach Japanese waters before the end of March. The Russian ships—one of which, the Oslabiya, left Crete yesterday for Port Said—would have nearly 5,000 miles less steaming to do.

The announcement was made by the "Times" yesterday that the Chinese Minister in Tokio had telegraphed to Prince Ching in Peking the following sensational communication:—

"The second Russian reply to the Japanese proposals has been received in Tokio, but is unfavourable and cannot be accepted by Japan, who will, unless Russia recedes, be compelled promptly to resort to arms."

Viscount Hayashi expresses himself convinced that this statement is not correct. He thinks there must have been some mistranslation arising out of the difficulty of conveying exact ideas in Chinese characters.

This is very possible, as Chinese is a most bewildering language for the expression of precise ideas, and the only way of telegraphing it is by figures. Thus, 126 might represent the ideograph for "constitutional Government," and 153 that for "declaration of war." The chance of mistake in such circumstances is large.

JAPAN'S FINAL NOTE.

Tokio, Tuesday.

Japan's reply to Russia was drafted yesterday, and is understood to have been approved at a Council of Elder Statesmen held this afternoon in the presence of the Emperor. It will be shortly delivered to Baron Rosen, the Russian Minister.

It is generally regarded as the final step in the negotiations, and public interest in the outcome is at fever heat. In the morning Baron Yamamoto, Minister of Marine, representing Count Katsura, the Premier, who is indisposed, had a private audience of the Emperor.

Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis Ito were also received subsequently in private audience by his Majesty.

—Reuter.

In a special message referring to the same matter Reuter adds:—

"The meeting was unusually protracted, the members of the Conference, it is stated, being solicitous of securing peace and bent upon exhausting every possible means to bring about an amicable settlement."

"It was decided to address another Note to Russia in order to afford the Government one more opportunity of reconsidering their position; but an answer will probably be asked for within a fixed period."

St. Petersburg, Tuesday.

Japan's reply to the last Russian Note is expected in two or three days.

It is expected that, whatever its tenour may be, it will be worded in courteous terms, and will still leave the two Governments in a position to make further efforts to reach a pacific settlement.

FORCING RUSSIA'S HAND.

Peking, Tuesday.

No effort is being spared by the United States and Japan to secure the immediate completion of the ratification of their commercial treaties with China, the object of the

two Governments being to make good their position before the outbreak of hostilities.

In a special message Reuter adds:—

"The Chinese Government asked for a delay of one day in order to arrange certain details, but the Japanese Minister refused to accede to this. Japan's haste is considered as significant."

Vienna, Monday.

China's ratification of the treaty with America is considered a highly important step which is likely to have the effect of forcing Russia's hand.—Reuter.

St. Petersburg, Tuesday.

The "Sviet" says that the opening of Mukden, An-tung, and Ta-tung-kau to foreign trade, in accordance with the terms of the Japanese and American commercial treaties with China, without Russia's consent, amounts to an open provocation of that power.—Reuter.

A JAPANESE RUSE?

Rome, Tuesday.

A report has been received here that the new Japanese cruisers Nisshin and Kasuga, which left Genoa last Saturday morning ostensibly for Suez, have been seen steaming in the direction of Gibraltar.—Reuter.

Paris, Tuesday.

The "New York Herald" publishes the following from St. Petersburg: "Public opinion in Russia is becoming more and more irritated with Japan, whom it accuses of conducting diplomatic negotiations with the sole object of gaining time so as to enable the warships she has just bought to reach her ports."—Reuter.

KOREAN KING'S APPEAL.

Rome, Tuesday.

The Emperor of Korea has sent a letter to the King of Italy asking for his good offices on behalf of Korea, owing to the state of affairs brought about by the rivalry between Russian and Japanese influences.

It is supposed that similar letters have been addressed to the heads of other leading Powers.—Reuter.

TO BLOW UP THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

An interesting statement as to the military importance of the Trans-Siberian Railway was made yesterday in the course of an address by Mr. Fulford Bush, of Newchwang, before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Bush said he had travelled on the railway, and was convinced that its strategical importance had been vastly overrated. The railway would be blocked in the event of any urgent calls being made upon it.

The statement made by a Japanese military officer to the effect that in the event of a declaration of war the railway would be blown up in a dozen different places was quite authentic.

From the Japanese military authorities there and from information received from native sources in Newchwang, he believed there were at least 200 Japanese military engineers distributed at various points along the railway disguised as Chinese coolies, hairdressers, etc.

They might take it for granted that the railway would be broken in at least a dozen places within a fortnight of a declaration of war.

DISGUISED JAPANESE SHIP.

The Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamer Sado Maru, which arrived in the Royal Albert Docks yesterday, had been considerably disguised on the voyage from Yokohama in order not to be detected by Russian warships in the Mediterranean. Shortly after leaving Port Said her funnel was painted red with a black top, whilst several parts of the hull were whitened. The name of the vessel was also altered.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is stated that no meeting of the Cabinet will take place until the 23rd inst.

The statement that Russia is endeavouring to raise loans in Paris is officially denied.

During the past few years Messrs. Whitehead's Fiume works have supplied the Japanese Government with 1,200 torpedoes.

The whole Russian Press insists that it is absolutely impossible for Russia to make any concessions regarding Manchuria to China or Japan.

The Paris "Echo" says General Louis Napoleon, of the Russian Army, has stated that war with Japan is possible, and even, he fears, probable.

Speaking at Manchester last night, Mr. Balfour said the Far Eastern question was raging with a fury which he trusted, for the credit of British statesmanship, we would not see revived again in our time.

GALLANT BURGLARS.

Touching Politeness Shown to a Honeymoon Couple.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

French politeness is continually assuming new and bizarre aspects. The latest example is the gallantry of two burglars towards a newly-married couple.

Last night a honeymoon husband and wife, M. and Mme. Leroy, returned to their house at Vincennes. To their surprise they found in the passage a large number of parcels.

"No doubt it is mamma who has sent some things in our absence," said the bride. "We'll see what's in them to-morrow. It's too late now."

The couple went upstairs, but hardly had the wife cast a glimpse into the bedroom when she sprang back with the whispered exclamation "Burglars." Peeping round the door, the husband saw two men asleep, their rough heads comfortably disposed on the dainty pillows trimmed with lace.

Unable to control herself, the young bride screamed for help, her cry waking the sleeping ruffians. They sprang to their feet and approached the couple threateningly. Tremblingly the young woman said, "Please go away, messieurs; take what you want; we won't say anything. But don't hurt us. We are only just married."

The burglars were touched by the distress of the poor girl.

"Don't be alarmed, little mother," said one, with a gallant bow, "we are going, and since you are so polite we won't even take the parcels we had packed up. We have slept two nights in your 'do do' (slang for bed). We didn't think you were coming back so soon. We thought you had gone for some weeks."

Then, just as they were leaving, one turned and said, "Ah, you were lucky to be honeymooners." "And," added the other man, addressing the bride, "above all, you are fortunate to be the same age as my daughter, and pretty like her."

Then the delightful pair disappeared into the night. The police have made inquiries, but the grates-storing couple refuse to prosecute the polite burglars even if they are found.

"TRUST SYSTEM" PUBLIC HOUSES.

The First London House Will be Opened in Southwark To-morrow.

A public-house in the Bankside, Southwark, a gloomy slum district, has been rebuilt by the People's Refreshment House Association, of which the Bishop of Chester is president. The fine three-story building will be opened to-morrow with a full seven-day licence, as the first adventure under the trust system which the Association inaugurates.

The saloon and public bar on the ground floor are neatly decorated, and a good dining hall for working men may be found at the back. On the first floor the needs of the thousands of folk employed all round are catered for by a first-class dining saloon. Comfort rules, but the hard coffee-palace seats may be considered by some a mistake.

There will be no waiting for the kettle to boil. Hot drinks will be always "on tap," as well as the beer. In the dining hall a cut from the joint, vegetables, and bread will be supplied for fivepence.

Profit is not the one hope of the Trust. Their ambition is to combat the drink habit by their hot taps, sound meals, and general comfort. They have been successful in the provinces, and they are anxious to try London.

THE NEW LICENSING BILL.

A report states that no scheme of compensation will be included in the new Licensing Bill. Funds for compensation to be provided by the trade. Extra whisky duty will be retained by Government. No new licences will be granted unless two old ones are surrendered, but the area will be extended. Ante-1869 beerhouse licences are to be at the discretion of the magistrates.

AN OBLIGING AGNOSTIC.

It was not the unconscious humour of an alien witness that amused Whitechapel County Court most yesterday, but that of a young man who refused to be sworn.

Judge Bacon: Have you a conscientious objection to taking the oath?

Witness: Yes; I'm a Agnostic.

Judge Bacon: What is an Agnostic?

Witness: A Agnostic is a man as doubts the truthfulness of the Bible.

Judge Bacon: Indeed! It may be a very fine word for it, but that is not an Agnostic.

Witness: Well, then, I might call myself a Atheist. Perhaps that would be a better word for it.

LORD BRASSEY'S FIRST OFFENCE.

Lord Brassey was summoned at Battle yesterday for riding his bicycle without a light on December 30 on his way from Battle to his home at Normanhurst.

His lordship's son-in-law (Mr. Chas. Egerton), who was chairman of the Bench, remarked: Lord Brassey has not been convicted before? Nothing known, I presume?

Superintendent: No, sir.

Mr. Egerton: Fined a shilling and costs.

The Clerk: In default of distress, any time allowed, sir?

Novel and Popular Bridge Competition.

CLOSING ON MONDAY NEXT.

Conducted by ERNEST BERGHOLT.

EXPERTS SAY THE QUESTIONS ARE TOO EASY.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers complete, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

THE CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES.

"Surely AB have been passing kind to YZ in your solution of Coupon 13?" writes "Uarria Boh!" B's return of ♠ 8 at trick 6 seems to me the only way to enable YZ to win ten tricks, or I am quite astonishingly wooden-headed! If B leads ♠ 3, how can YZ make ten tricks?—unless, of course, they persuade AB with a hatchet! . . . Do let me know through the *Daily Mirror* whether I am stupid, or AB philanthropic."

We will do our best to oblige. If B leads

3 at trick 6, Z can win with the Queen, and the position is then as follows:—

♥ None.
♠ 10, 9, 8, 4.
♦ 10.
♣ J, 4.

Y

A

B

Z

♥ J.
♠ J, 6, 5.
♦ J, 5, 3.
♣ None.

♥ S.
♠ None.
♦ None.
♣ K, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5.

♥ A, 7, 5.
♠ Q, 7.
♦ 8.
♣ A.

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. I.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

North.

West.

East.

South.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

clubs are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:
NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

Name..... Address.....

WEEKLY COMPETITION 5.—COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the three following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

1.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

At 1 game and 12, scored by you, to love.....

2.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

At love to 22 against you.....

3.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

At love all.....

4.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

And what would you declare as Dummy, if it were left to you, holding the following hands at the specified scores?

5.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

At 1 game and love, scored by you, to 1 game and 24.....

6.

♥♥♥♥

♠♠♠♠

♦♦♦♦

♣♣♣♣

At love all.....

Hearts are Trumps, and South has the lead. YZ require 6 more tricks. The play is so astonishingly simple that the puzzle to us is: How could YZ possibly fail? All Z has to do is to lead out ♥ A, 7, 5, and then ♣ A. Y can keep any two Clubs and his Diamond. Three cards remain in each hand. If A has kept (i) one Club and two Diamonds, YZ make Queen and another Club; if (ii) two Clubs and Knave of Diamonds, Z leads ♦ 8, and YZ again win two Clubs. Can anything be plainer? We now leave "Uarria Boh!" to give the answer to his own question.

★ INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES. ★

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-

street, London, E.C.," in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 5. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover.

For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final.

The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash.

N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 18th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

TO AMATEUR . . . PHOTOGRAPHERS.

IMPORTANT . . . ANNOUNCEMENT.

On January 23rd

The . . . COUNTY GENTLEMAN

WILL ISSUE

A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLEMENT

CONTAINING

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Ask your Newsagent TO-DAY to reserve you a copy of

The COUNTY GENTLEMAN

Of JANUARY 23rd

It will save you a lot of trouble if you cut out this coupon and hand it to your newsagent.

"Daily Mirror."

Please send to the following address.....copies of "The County Gentleman" of January 23, containing the special photograph supplement.

Name.....

Address.....

Price to be as usual, 6d.



A Chinchilla Toque, with bunches of pink roses at the sides.

THE ETHICS OF HEADGEAR.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HAT.

MAY you be as unstable as a Christian's hat? "hat" is the curse among the Turks, Nell Gwynne intercepted some wandering Oriental malediction when she donned the carwheel of a hat which was to trundle her into the good graces of a king.

Moral influence.

It is curious on looking down the darkening ages that precede the dawn of the present century to observe how appropriate the headgear is to each succeeding period. It is fearfully different very often to the individual, but it is never anything but absolutely suitable to the time. The Saxon lady passed her days in simple and broad-brimmed gowns, the vassals of her lord, her modest wimple a pleasing indication of her state. The rams, the butterflies, and steeples of the days of chivalry, what a picture they conjure up of quixotic knights, ladies in distress, and long idle days of troublous grace of plume and drooping brim among the Stuarts! And what more need be said in portraying the Puritans than that their hats were uncompromisingly stiff in the crown!

Amor with Discretion.

The fate of the Bourbons was as fittingly set forth in the heads of the women with their hair in full sail that flew before the gale of the Revolution as the waggon or the post-chaise and four which more than once ran away with our own discretion. Could the miseries of the Regency possibly be perfunctory and realities a bore?

Students of costume have come to London before now to study that unique adornment, the hat of the coster's donah. But changes are here, too. The wonderful hat which Henry of Gold, with his eight plumes, each of them a yard and a half long, would now scarcely wear a penny of envy to the factory girl. The sailor which she lately assumed in the tale: Self-respecting citizen that she is, she is raising herself, and being raised by wise laws in the public esteem. But when

will the women of the lower classes take to the foreign fashion? Bare heads and glossy curls are at once cheap and beautiful.

No. 23.—PRACTICAL DRESSING GOWNS.

MOSTLY PERTAINING TO EXTRANEOUS DRESS MATTERS.

In an earnest pursuit of the obvious, as expressed by outward and visible raiment, those of us with purses not too generously elastic are apt to allow to slide to a quite unjustifiable moment the renewal of dressing-gowns and dressing-jackets and the like details of an in-

terior character, the freshness and relative elegance whereof are imperative to the really fastidious woman.

A draggle-tail dressing-gown is a sorry sight, which immediately brings the query whether dressing-gowns, in the proper and practical acceptance of the term, should ever be privileged to boast other than a merely incidental train. Such an appendage, when one comes to consider it, is quite superfluous, and asks a care and consideration that should by rights be expended on the conduct pertaining to the tending and tiring of the person.

An Adorable Fancy.

Of course, there are the Chinese gowns of wadded silk and ideal lightness combined with warmth, but only a few can afford the cost of these at their best, and the cheap imitations are not deserving of a moment's consideration. Perhaps the perfection of luxury has been attained in the Zenana silk gown. And since this adorable material is to be bought by the yard it may fitly be placed under the head of justifiable possibilities. A soft rose-pink is a delicious "nuance," and one that suggests itself persuasively in the cause of the pictured model which we have decided to include in our gallery of patterns.

Such shapeliness as obtains here rests entirely on the tucks, the back being a replica of the front. A flat foundation, built exactly to the outline of the fichu, is arranged, and on to this are the folds of silk applied, outlined at either edge by bands of white washing silk galon. Or the notion is equally applicable to a fine French flannel, with a cream guipure insertion substituted for the galon. Quantity of silk, twelve yards; flannel, nine yards; trimming, five and a half yards. Flat pattern, 64d.; tacked up, including flat, 2s. 74d.



No. 23.—A Dressing-Gown of soft rose-pink washing silk, lined with nun's veiling.

MMES. HANCOCK AND JAMES.

A SALE REPLETE WITH FASCINATIONS.

Wisely awaiting the termination of the first rush, the chateaines of the Grafton Salon, 8, Grafton-street, have only just commenced their annual sale.

At the most this is an exclusive, rather than a gigantic, affair, and Mesdames Hancock and James are inaugurating the attractive departure of building special toques to suit individual requirements in the matter of colour and material at sale prices. By this means a large and specially-trained workroom is kept fully employed during the dull season.

Every item of superfluous stock here is necessarily being cleared to make room for modish substitutes, in the direct cause whereof Madame James has already paid a preliminary visit to Paris. In respect of the immediate bargains, however, toques and useful hats commence at 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d. representing an average price for a really dressy purchase. Blouses of individual design are going at one guinea, a third of their original price; while the famed Grafton Salon corsets are marked throughout at ten per cent. less than the ordinary ruling prices. There will be no long-drawn-out effort to keep this sale afloat. It will merely serve its legitimate end and then cease to be.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.



Japanese Geisha Poses on a little girl's cap.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 60.—POUDING AU RHUM.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

INGREDIENTS:—Six eggs, five ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of cake crumbs, one ounce of ground almonds, one glass of rum, one lemon, grated nutmeg, one ounce chopped almonds.

Separate the whites of eggs from the yolks, put the yolks into a basin with the sugar, work with a wooden spoon, add the grated peel of a lemon, a little nutmeg, ground almonds, and cake crumbs which have been previously moistened with a small glass of rum. Whisk the white of eggs till stiff, and mix carefully with the mixture. Butter a timbale, or plain charlotte mould, sprinkle the interior with chopped almonds, and pour in the mixture. Steam for one hour in the usual manner. Pour a glass of rum over at the last moment before serving and set fire to it. Serve with a Sabayon au Rhum.

For Sabayon au Rhum put three ounces of castor sugar, three yolks of eggs, and a gill of cream in a stewpan, place it in a bain-marie over the fire, stir with a whisk till frothy, then add half a gill of rum, and whisk it until it begins to thicken and is of a light appearance.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Cold Venal and Ham Pie. Fish Cakes.
Poached Eggs with Ham Toast.
Potted Beef. Fried Sausages.

LUNCH.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Fried Cod Steaks, Shrimp Sauce.
Scallops of Pheasant.
Steak and Kidney Pie.
*Brussels Sprouts with Parmesan.
Curried Eggs.

Pineapple Fritters. Rhubarb Tart.
Cream Cheese, Pulled Bread.

COLD DISHES.

Chicken and Ham. Raised Pie.
Mayonnaise of Eggs.

TEA.

Muffins. Savoury Egg Sandwiches.
Chelsea Buns. Apricotines.
Genoa Cake.

DINNER.

Julienne Soup. Fish. Beetroot Soup.
Brill. Red Mullet. *Oyster Fritters.

ENTREES.

Croquettes of Chicken.
Cuitiats à l'Indienne.
Roast.

Sirloin of Beef.
Stuffed Ducks, Apple Sauce.

GAME.

Roast Teal, Orange Salad.
Chaudroid of Quails.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes au Crème. Potato Ribbons.
Sweet.

*Homburg Creams. French Pancakes.
Savouries.
Anchovy Toast. Gruyère Biscuits.

ICE.

Vanilla.
Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 212.—BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH PARMESAN.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of brussels sprouts, two anchovies, one ounce of butter, two teaspoonsful of chopped parsley, four tablespoonsful of good thick gravy, three tablespoonsful of grated Parmesan cheese.

Remove the outside leaves from the sprouts, wash them carefully, and let them stand in salted water for half an hour. Then put them in a pan of fast boiling water, to which you have added a little salt and a tiny piece of soda. Boil till the sprouts are tender, then drain them well, pressing them lightly. Skin the anchovies and wipe off all oil, chop them and fry them in the butter, next add to them the parsley, cook for a few minutes, then add the sprouts, gravy, and Parmesan cheese. Season carefully and mix all thoroughly together. Heap the sprouts in a hot dish and dust over the top a little extra grated Parmesan cheese.

Cost 10d. for four portions.

No. 213.—OYSTER FRITTERS.

INGREDIENTS:—For the batter: Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pint of tepid water, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the white of one egg, also twelve thin slices of fat bacon, one dozen oysters, lemon juice.

Mix the flour and salt together. Make a hole in the middle and pour in gradually the water and oil. Beat it till the batter is free from lumps. At the last add to it the white of egg, which must be beaten stiffly. Bead the oysters. Wrap each in a thin slice of fat bacon. Sprinkle each first with cayenne and lemon juice. Dip each roll in the batter, and fry in plenty of boiling frying fat. Drain them on paper. Serve very hot and garnish with fried parsley.

Cost 2s. 3d. for twelve portions.

No. 214.—HOMBURG CREAMS.

INGREDIENTS:—Five eggs, two lemons, half a pound of castor sugar.

Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks lightly. Mix with them the sugar, grated lemon rind, and strained lemon juice. Beat the whites of egg very stiffly. Put the yolks, &c., into a jug, place it in a pan of boiling water, and stir over the fire till the contents of the jug are quite hot, but not boiling. Then add to it the whipped whites, stirring them in lightly. Take the jug off the fire. Pour the mixture into custard glasses, and serve cold.

Cost 1s. 3d. for twelve portions.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

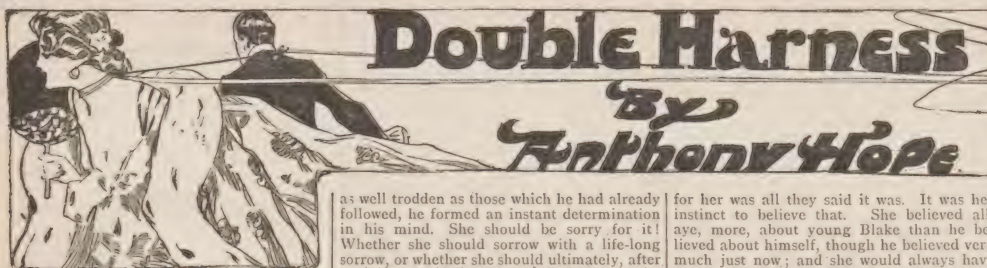
Beef. Mutton. Pork. Veal.
Cost. Red Mullet. Mackerel.
Herrings. Halibut. Soles.
Plaice. Lemon Soles. Whiting.
Crabs. Oysters. Lobsters.
Turkey. Rabbits. Ducks.
Surrey Chickens and Fowls.
Hares. Pheasants. Quails.
Wild Duck. Black Game. Pheasant.
Flowers. Teal. Snipe.
Tomatoes. Mushrooms. New Potatoes.
Marrows. Carrots. Cauliflowers.
Cabbages. Lettuce. Spinach.
Salads.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges. Bananas. Apples.
Nuts. Forced Rhubarb.
Pears. Grapes. Limes.
Grape Fruit. Pineapples.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blissoms for the Table.
Christmas Roses. Chrysanthemums.
White Anemones.
Roses. Daffodils.
Hyacinths. Asparagus Fern.
Cus. Flowers and Flowers in Pots.
Scarlet Begonias. Daffodils.
Pinks. Maidenhair Fern.
White Hyacinths.
White, Yellow and Yellow Tulips.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: Sibylla's husband.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother;
a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

CHAPTER X. (continued).

Jeremy stumped up and down the room, furiously exclaiming that he did not care whether he was a gentleman or not. He was a man. That was enough for him, and ought to be enough for anybody. Mrs. Mumples was positively frightened into agreeing with him on this point. But however sound the point might be, relations with the rectory were broken off. What was to be done? Jeremy determined to go to town, and lay before Grantley and Sibylla the unparalleled circumstances of the case. But first there was—well, there would be—one more stolen meeting. But it was not quite of the sort which might have been anticipated. Dora's levity was gone; she played with him no more. But neither did she follow the more probable course, and, under the influence of grief and the pain of separation, give the rein to her feelings, acknowledge her love, and exchange her vows for his. The old-fashioned standards had their turn; evidently the rectory upbraids had been very severe. Every disobedience, every trick, every broken promise rose up in judgment, and declared the sentence to be just, however severe. Jeremy was at a loss how to face this. He had been so convinced that nature was with them, and that nature spelt rectitude. He was agast at a quasi-theological and entirely superstitious view that no good or happiness could come out of a friendship (Dora adhered obstinately to this word) initiated in such a way. He refused to recognise her wickedness and even his own. When she announced her full acceptance of the edict, her determination to evince penitence by absolute submission, he could only burst out:

"They haven't been cruel to you?"
"Cruel? No! They've been most—most gentle. I've come to see how wrong it was."
"Yet you're here!"
"He could not resist the retort."
"For the last time, to say good-bye. And if you really care at all, you must do as I wish."
"But—I may write to you?"
"No, no, you mustn't."
"You can't stop me thinking about you."
"I shan't think of you. I shall pray to be able not to. I'm sure I can be strong."

She had got this idea in her head. It was just the sort of idea that Sibylla might have got. She wanted to immolate herself. For such views in Sibylla Jeremy had always had denunciations ready. He had no denunciation now—only a despairing puzzle.
"I can't accept that, and I won't! Do you love me?"
"I'm going to keep my promise to say nothing. I've told you what I must do and what you must. I made up my mind—and then I went to the Sacrament to-day."
Jeremy rubbed his wrinkled brow, eyeing this determined penitent very ruefully. A sudden return to rectitude was disconcerting in an accomplice. He did not know what to do. But his bulldog persistence was roused and his square jaw set obstinately.
"Well, I shall consider what to do. I believe you love me, and I shan't sit down under this."
"You must!" she said. "And now, good-bye."

He came towards her, but her raised hand stopped him.
"Good-bye like this? You won't even shake hands?"
"No, I can't. Good-bye."
Of course he was sorry for her, but he was decidedly angry, too. He perceived a case of the selfishness of spiritual exaltation. His doggedness turned to surliness.
"All right, then, good-bye," he said sulkily.
"You're not angry with me?"
"Yes; I am."

She accepted this additional cross, and bore it meekly.
"That hurts me very much. But I must do right. Good-bye."
And with that she went, firm to the last, leaving Jeremy almost as furious with women as in the palmiest days of his youth, almost as angry with her as he had ever been with the long-legged rectory girl.

Pursuing (though he did not know it) paths

as well trodden as those which he had already followed, he formed an instant determination in his mind. She should be sorry for it! Whether she should sorrow with a life-long sorrow, or whether she should ultimately, after much grief and humiliation, find forgiveness, he did not decide for the moment; both ideas had their attraction. But, at any rate, she should be sorry, and that as soon as possible. How was it to be brought about? Jeremy conjectured that a remote and ill-ascertained success in original research would not make her sorry, and his conclusion may be allowed to pass; nor would a continuance of shabby clothes and an income of a hundred a year. This combination had once seemed all-sufficient. Nay, it would suffice now for true and whole-hearted love. But it was not enough to make a cruel lady repent of her cruelty, nor to convert a misguided zealot of the folly of her zeal. It was not dazzling enough for that. In an hour Jeremy threw his old ideal of life to the winds, and decided for wealth and mundane fame—speedy wealth and speedy mundane fame (speed was essential, because Jeremy's feelings were in a hurry). Such laurels and fruits were not to be plucked in Mildean. That very night Jeremy packed a well-worn leather bag and a square deal box. He was going to London, to see Grantley and Sibylla, to make them acquainted with the state of the case, and to set about becoming rich and famous as speedily as possible. His mind overleapt the process and saw it already completed—saw his return to Mildean rich and famous—saw his renewed meeting with Dora, the confusion of the rectory and Mrs. Huttig, the unavailing—or possibly at last availing—regret and humiliation of Dora. It cannot truthfully be said that he went to bed altogether unhappy. He had his dream, even as Dora had hers; he had his luxury of prospective victory as she had hers of unreserved and accepted penitence; and they shared the conviction of a very extraordinary and unprecedented state of things.

So to town came Jeremy, leaving Mrs. Mumples alone in Old Mill House. She was not idle. She was counting months now—not years now, but months; and she was knitting socks, and making flannel shirts, and handing big red handkerchiefs, and picturing and wondering in her faithful old heart what morning would be like for whose coming she had waited so many, many years. Great hopes and great fears were under the ample breast of her unshapely merino gown.

In the Imason household the strain grew more intense. With rare tenacity, unimpaired confidence, and unbroken pride, Grantley maintained his attitude. He would tire out Sibylla's revolt; he would outstay the fit of sulks, however long it might be. But the strain told on him, though it did not break him; he was more aware, more engrossed in his outside activities; grimmer and more sardonic when he was at home; careful to show no feeling which might expose him to rebuff; extending the scope of this conduct from his wife to his child, because his wife's grievance was bound up with the child. And Sibylla, seeing the attitude, seeing partially only, and therefore more resenting the motives, created out of it and them a monster of insensibility, something of an inhuman selfishness, seeming the more horrible and unnatural for the unchanging, if cold, courtesy which Grantley still displayed. This image had been taking shape ever since their battle at Mildean. It had grown with the amused scorn which was on his face as he told her of the specialist's judgment, and made her see how foolish she had been, what an unnecessary fuss she had caused, how dangerous and silly it was to let one's emotions run away with one. It had defined itself yet more clearly through the months before and after the boy's birth, as Grantley developed his line of action and adhered to it, secure apparently from every assault of natural tenderness. Now the portentous shape was all complete in her imagination, and the monster she had erected freed her from every obligation. By her hypothesis it was accessible by no appeal and sensitive to no emotion. Why, then, labour uselessly? It would indeed be to knock your head—yes, and your heart, too—against a flinty wall. As for trying to show or to cherish love for it—that seemed to her prostitution itself. And she had no tenacity to endure such a life as Grantley, and her image of Grantley, made for her. In her headlong fashion she had already pronounced the alternatives—death or flight.

And there was the baby boy in his helplessness, and there was young Blake with his ready hot passion, masked by those aspirations of his, and his fiery indignation seconding and applauding the despair of her own heart. For Blake knew the truth now—the truth as Sibylla's imaginings made it; and in view of that truth the thing his passion urged him to become a holy duty. His goddess must be no more misused; her misery must not be allowed to endure.

Knowing his thought and what his heart was towards her, Sibylla turned to him as a child turns simply from a hard to a loving face. Here was a life wanting her life, a love asking hers. She had always believed people when they said they loved and wanted her—why, she had believed even Grantley himself—and was always convinced that their love

for her was all they said it was. It was her instinct to believe that. She believed all, save more about young Blake than he believed about himself, though he believed very much just now; and she would always have people all white or all black. Grantley was all black now, and Blake was very white, white as snow, while he talked of his aspirations and his love, and tempted her to leave all that bound her, and to give her life to him. He tempted well, for he offered not pleasure, but the power of doing good and bestowing happiness. Her first natural love seemed to have spent itself on Grantley; she had no passion left, save the passion of giving. It was to this he made his appeal; this would be enough to give him all his way. Yet there was the child. He had not yet ventured on that difficult, uncertain ground. There was where the struggle would be; it was there that he distrusted the justice of his own demand on her, there that his passion had to drown the inward voices of protest.

It might have happened that Jeremy, with his fresh love and fresh ambitions, would have been a relief to such a position; that his appeal both to sympathy and to amusement would have done something to clear the atmosphere. So far as he himself went, indeed, he was irresistible; his frankness and his confidence were not to be denied. Trusting in the order of nature, he knew no bashfulness; trusting in himself, he had no misgivings. Without a doubt he was right. They all agreed that the old ideal of original research and a hundred a year must be abandoned, and that Jeremy must become rich and famous as soon as possible.

"Though whether you ought to forgive her in the end, I must say, a very difficult point," remarked Grantley, with a would-be thoughtful smile. "In cases of penitence, I myself favour forgiveness, Jeremy."

"But there is the revelation of her character," suggested Sibylla, taking the matter more seriously, or treating its want of seriousness with more tenderness.

"I'm inclined to think the young lady's right at present," said Blake. "What you have to do is to give her ground for changing her views—and to give her mother ground for changing hers, too."

Jeremy listened to them all with engrossed interest. Whatever their attitude, they all confirmed his view.

"You once spoke of a berth in the City?" he said to Grantley.

"Not much fame there; but perhaps you may as well take things by instalments."

"I don't like it, you know. It's not my line at all."

Blake came to the rescue. The Selfords drew their money from large and important dyeing-works, although Selford himself had retired from any active share in the work of the business. There was room for scientific aptitude in dyeing-works, Blake opined rather vaguely. "You could make chemistry, for instance, subserve the needs of commerce, couldn't you?"

"That really is a good suggestion," said Jeremy approvingly.

"Capital!" Grantley agreed. "We'll get at Selford for you, Jeremy; and, if necessary, we'll club together, and send to Tierra del Fuego, and buy Janet Selford a new dog."

"I begin to see my way," Jeremy announced. "Whereat the men laughed, while Sibylla came round and kissed him, laughing, too. What a very short time ago, and she had been even as Jeremy, as sanguine, as confident, seeing her way as clearly, with just as little warrant of knowledge!"

"Meanwhile, you mustn't mope, old chap," said Grantley.

"Mope? I've no time for moping. Do you think I could see this Selford to-morrow?"

"I'll give you a letter to take to him," laughed Grantley. "But don't ask for ten thousand a year all at once, you know."

"I know the world. When I really want a thing, I can wait for it."

But it was evident that he did not mean to wait very long. Grantley said ten thousand a year; a thousand would seem riches to the Mildean rectory folk.

"That's right. If you want a thing, you must be ready to wait for it," agreed Grantley, with smiling lips and a pucker on his brow.

"So long as there's any hope," added Sibylla.

These hints of underlying things went unheeded by Jeremy, but Blake marked them. They were becoming more frequent now as the tension grew and grew.

"There's always a hope with reasonable people."

"Opinions differ so much as to what is reasonable."

"Dora's not reasonable at present, anyhow."

Jeremy's mind had not travelled beyond his own predicament.

The contrast he pointed, the mocking memories he stirred, made his presence accentuate and embitter the strife, confirming Sibylla's despair, undermining even Grantley's obstinate self-confidence; while to Blake his example, however much one might smile at it, seemed to cry, "Courage!" He who would have the prize must not shrink from the struggle.

To be continued.

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ART AND ACTUALITY

ON AN OMNIBUS.

We stayed at the fourth exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors (you observe they place the sculptors first!), Painters, and Gravers at the New Gallery till the light gave, and then we adjourned for tea, and how I disagreed with almost everything they said about the exhibition.

But our disagreements as critics and members of the public were nothing compared with the disagreements of the exhibitors. In a somewhat wide experience of Press views, Private views, and Varnishing days, I have never seen so much temper shown, not by the critics, but by certain painters who are Associates of the International Society.

I am a Quietist, an optimist when I am in the hurry-burry. I am also (within limits) a Russian in the Russian manner, with an idolatry of regard for Manet and Degas, one who finds in a mistress consoling, stimulating, responsive, and quiet. You perceive also that I am a little garrulous. But the occasion warranted it. For when I entered the large room of the New Gallery on Varnishing day, I asked myself: "Is this a political meeting in Mid-Devon?"

An excited group of painters, mostly belonging to the Scottish school, confronted me, gesticulating, using their fists in various threatening, with wild words, to remove the Associates of the International Society which, we have been told again and again, was founded to promote amity and catholicism, and to enable the little outsider lamb to lie down with the big outsider lion. Strange!

An Exhibitor's Despair. The hubbub arose from the fact that the Executive Council, no doubt with the best intentions, had hung the walls of the north room with white muslin. That, to me, does not detract from the beauty of the pictures, but to the Scottish school, to whom the relations of tones, and the delicate harmonies of colours mean so much, this white background was a terrible discovery.

"I had known there was to be a white background," I would have painted my picture on a white background," said one of them, a painter, to me, and there was such concentration of feeling and despair in his utterance that I felt for him, and realised that to the public is a comparatively unimportant detail may be a matter of vital importance to the artist.

You, reader, may judge for yourself and may learn something from your attempt to judge. Study Mr. T. Millie Dow's "Eve," the tentative figure beneath the blue of infancy, the bark of the trees evolving into the backs of serpents, the subtle relation of the tones of the picture one to another, and then decide for or against the background. This protest from some of its own members should also hint to the International that it will drive it from the box seat, and perhaps the Royal Academy executive.

I, too, have a protest to make. If there is one artist who should be treated justly and generously by the International it is Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. I welcome the strides the International is making for the opportunity to show off to what fine artists as the "An Idyll." What has happened? His portrait group is hidden away in the dark balcony. And yet room on the line has been found for Mr. Gothard Kuehl's discordant experiments.

A Little Late.

The above remarks formed the staple of my contribution to that tea-party talk. When it was over I found that one of the company was going my way. We climbed upon an omnibus and resumed our consideration of the painter's adventures among pictures. There was much to recall, for the exhibition is a remarkably moderate. Many countries contribute, and Great Britain has been represented in her claim for wall space. My companion, who, as an appreciator of art, is a little fierce, quickly let me know that he had a clear notion of what had happened to the Spanish painter Zuloaga, and all the time he was spouting his appreciation of Zuloaga spurted from his lips like bullets from a Maxim gun.

Zuloaga is cleverness personified. His work, of Spain, gay and chic as his painting, was new to my companion. It gave a new and amusing subject for mental titillation. I had heard of Zuloaga's dexterity, which a year ago was "le dernier cri" in Continental painting, but I had ceased to be a novelty. I had followed through the phases of amazement and excitement in the New Salon, where Zuloaga had been busy with polo or politics, had found time to visit Paris in 1903, and had made a difference between an International Academy exhibition is this: The striking exhibits at the International are in London gazed with delight the other day in Amsterdam; Whistler's "Valley of the Arno" I had seen in a private house; the

aquaints and etchings of M. Louis Legrand and Edgar Chahine were old friends, and although I had not seen it before, the brilliant draughtsmanship of Monet's ugly, realistic "Le Déjeuner" must be familiar to many. In brief, this exhibition is a sort of combination in miniature of the New Salon, the Royal Academy, the Luxembourg, and the Goupil Gallery, very small, beautifully spaced, and as catholic as the news department of a daily newspaper. It is a frank statement of the cosmopolitanism of art.

Too Much Variety.

"How some of the exhibitors must hate the work of the other exhibitors," I said to my companion.

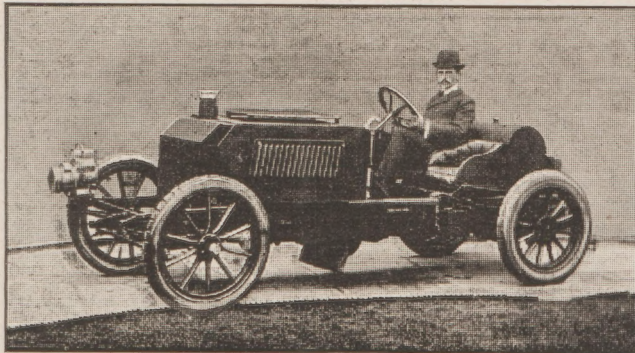
"Why?"

"Because the artist whose vision is all for beauty of form, line, decoration, composition, or colour must hate ugliness, however clever. M. Le Sidanier, that mystical dreamer, whose pictures à l'heure crépuscule, have all the loveliness of gems and flowers, must shudder before the vulgarities of M. Gaston Hoehard."

"Vulgarity has been defined as the manners of other people."

"And what must the large, reticent personality of Mr. Charles H. Shannon, painter of 'The Bathers' and 'The Toilet,' think of 'The Dancer,' by Mr. Alfred H. Maurer, or 'The Harassed Centaur,' by Herr Franz Stuck?" The exhibition reminds me of a dish I used to enjoy and suffer from at school, called "Weaver's Goose." It contained delightful and wonderful things, but the mixture was too lavish. There are pictures and sculptures at the International that I would walk miles to see, but why did they hang M. Charles Cottet's "The Setting Sun?"

My companion did not answer. He seemed



The 120-h.p. Napier racing car which Lieut.-Colonel Mayhew will drive in the eliminating trial for this year's Gordon-Bennett race.

to be peering down at the contents bills of the evening papers in High-street, Kensington, and was plainly tired of the subject of pictures, and of my talk.

So I continued. The South room, which contains drawings, etchings, pastels, coloured prints, and so on, is a feast in itself. Just consider M. Louis Legrand's aquatints, Mr. Edgar Chahine's drawing of a workman advancing towards you down the pavement, and Max Klinger's haunting and terrible "Mother and Child." There's symbolism for you. And yet as I sit here in the fog, and recall all I have seen this afternoon, two things hug close to me—one modest, and other tremendous. The modest thing is a little picture hidden away in the balcony, just a study of trees and sheep, very simple, very beautiful, by Mr. Montague Smythe, called "Solitude." The tremendous thing is M. Rodin's "Le Grand Penseur." It dominates the gallery as eternity dominates life. This great, white, brooding figure has the elements of that rare art that outlives the present, reading a lesson to the dexterous, facile modern, giving him—

My companion awoke from his reverie. "The Board of Trade returns of imports and exports don't really affect Mr. Cham."

Hastily I picked up my umbrella and alighted from the omnibus.

P.S.—Yesterday I visited the New Gallery again to discover that Mr. Greiffenhagen has taken his picture home. Also that Mr. T. Millie Dow, by removing the glass from his "Eve," has counteracted, in some measure, the harshness of the white muslin.

C. L. H.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S CHAMPIONS.

The illustration on this page shows the 120 h.p. Napier racing car which Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew, L.C.C., will drive in the forthcoming eliminating trials for this year's Gordon-Bennett race.

He is by no means unaccustomed to the racing track, and took part in the Paris-Madrid race of last year with conspicuous success, passing eighty-three other competitors in the first five hours, until that ill-fated event was abandoned.

The new Napier racing car embodies many unique and interesting features, but the non-technical reader will best appreciate its potentialities from the fact that, while capable of a speed of over ninety miles an hour, it may be stopped and re-started with remarkable celerity.

Should Lieutenant-Colonel Mayhew get through his eliminating trials satisfactorily it is his intention to drive for England in the great international contest of the coming summer.

HOW TO DEAL WITH DUNCES.

Suggestions for Boys Who Are Apparently Stupid.

The article which we published on "The Problem of the Dunce" has touched a spot in the heart and mind of many a parent. Out of many notions we have received for dealing with such cases we select a few of the most sensible:—

"The Problem of the Dunce," writes "Ethel B. Handford," "is a problem of many sides. The schoolmaster who wrote a day or two ago has presented one—a true and real one, and one which produces an unstinted outflow of sympathy for the unhappy master."

"But it is one side only. The boy's side is a still larger one, and when we hear of the 'stupid' (save the mark!) boy who was under one class-master for the whole of his non-progressive school life, we feel considerably more sympathy for the boy, who was having his whole life spoiled by such a piece of adult crass stupidity."

"No one need impute fault to the class-master. He may have been in every way excellent for class work. But one thing is perfectly clear, the natures of master and boy were out of concert and out of response to each other—a cause of more schoolroom misery and school-life disaster than any other!"

"In home schoolrooms the same thing happens constantly. A tutor or a governess works with three children. With two of them the whole thing goes splendidly; with the third, for some reason, no one quite knows

what, it doesn't go at all! And the unhappy third is in ceaseless scrapes with 'stupid,' 'dunce,' and 'naughty' as the mildest of the adjectives applied to him."

Benefit of a Change.

The same idea is to be found in the letter of "A Father of Four Boys," who is evidently bringing them up in a sensible way:—

"When a mother sees a particular food doesn't suit one of the children in the nursery she changes it and tries another. When a doctor finds a medicine doesn't suit a patient he doesn't trouble to blame either the patient or the medicine, he simply changes it for one that answers that individual nature better."

"Then why curse a boy by wasting the years of his life that he can never have again, by sitting him down under some particular master or some particular system of education, for whom or for which we have conceived a high esteem, because he or it has answered so well in other cases?"

The desirability of teaching boys what they are anxious to learn is insisted upon by James Wilson, who writes from Rugby:—

"Find out a child's hobby—every child has a hobby, if people will only look for it for him, and look for it until they find it. And every hobby can be made the keynote of a scheme of education."

"The hobby may be 'stamp collecting.' Into 'stamp collecting' any enthusiastic tutor can interweave a very valuable twelve months course of history, geography, and international coinage that will prove useful in itself and give time for the other interests to awake."

"If it is 'birds' eggs,' treat 'birds' eggs' seriously. The habitat of the various species will give a boy the geography of the world, and far more of botany, geology, kindred natural history, and so on, than he could acquire in a twelve-month if he worked the full twenty-four hours a day."

Case for the Doctor.

Lastly "A Parent" points out the wisdom of consulting a doctor about "stupidity," just as if it were any other boyish complaint. "Very often a specialist physician will find out a trouble that parents and guardians and school-master have sought in vain. I know one boy. 'The stupidest of the stupid' was his daily report at home and at school, until in despair his mother took him to town to a physician to ask him if he were really weak-minded. 'The only thing that is the matter with him,' said the doctor, 'is adenoids at the back of his throat that your own doctor ought to have seen five years ago and saved all this.' In three weeks the boy was back at work. In a year he took home prizes in the class that his age justified, despite all the wasted time and endless abuse."

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

"WORKLESS AND—USELESS."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

May I, as an employer, add my experience of the lack of capable, educated "women" willing to work?

I required an educated gentlewoman (not under thirty-five) for office work, chiefly interviewing and correspondence, in a country town.

The salary offered was a fair one for the country (neither typing nor shorthand required). The gentlewoman would be entirely her own mistress, with a junior under her, salary 10s. to 12s. a week—good commission, furnished rooms, fire, lights, and many other privileges.

An advertisement in one of the leading papers resulted in sixty answers. Of these sixteen were postcards, running after this style:—"I will take the post. Please send address and fare." Or, "Send full particulars of advertisement. What is the salary? Are roads good for cycling? What society?" etc.

Only about five out of the sixty gave any particulars of themselves.

Only two were in the least likely. One considered the hours much too long, and "to begin work at 9.30 gave no time for an early walk, as recommended by her medical man."

The other could not entertain leaving London and all her friends, and was sorry she had not thought of that before answering the advertisement!

And yet women complain that they cannot get work.

AN ADMIRER OF THE D. M.

BOYCOTTING PROTESTANTS?

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

Your correspondents in Ireland have, so far, only stated one side—the Protestant side—of the case. Will you not allow your readers to see the other side also?

I can assure you that "bigotry" has nothing whatever to do with this new—and commendable—movement in Ireland. It is self-defence pure and simple.

During the past sixty or seventy years a man's Protestantism in Ireland was a passport into all the fat berths. The Catholic Association had no quarrel with that so long as Protestantism and real merit were always in company. But they were not, and what the C.A. is fighting for is bare justice and equality—things beloved of the average Englishman.

It is a notorious fact that a mere Catholic stands a ghastly chance of even clerical work at Guinness's Brewery, the Great Northern (of Ireland) Railway, the Midland, the Great Southern, etc.

I have myself been turned away from one great Irish firm because I happened to belong to the "idolatorous creed."

The cry of "bigotry" is mere nonsense. Everybody who has lived a couple of decades in Ireland knows only too well that Irish Catholics have always been too prone to take their beating abjectly lying down. We do not mean to let this go on, at which I, as a Papist, say thank God.

CARRAIG BHAIDHTE.

CONSOLATION BY SONG.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

A few years ago a friend of the late eminent artist, Madame Antoinette Sterling, fell on evil days after suddenly losing her husband, and started a very fashionable bonnet shop in the West End.

This lady had known the great singer well in her palmy days, and it was characteristic of the latter's kindness of disposition to pay an early call at her friend's shop.

When she entered, reminiscences of her happier days overcame the desolate widow and she could not speak for suffocating tears. Antoinette Sterling, with her marvellous tact only said, "Don't speak, dear, but listen to me," and she sang, as only she could sing it, "Don't be sorrowful, Darling," and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, etc." from Sullivan's "Light of the World." After this soothing consolation she gave her friend a large order for all she would require on a forthcoming tour.

KENTISHWOMAN.

DISTRIBUTION OF CHURCH PROPERTY

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I should like to point out that "A Poor Vicar's" suggestion to redistribute the various stipends of the clergy would be most unfair to the parishes thus robbed.

The original benefactors in most cases bequeathed their money as they thought fit to the parishes they were interested in and felt had a claim upon them, and it would be most unjust to deprive those parishes of what is theirs by right, because other parishes have not sufficient means.

It is not as if the State provided the incomes, then rearrangement would be fair enough.

I am not raising the point of sub-dividing large incomes where there are more churches required in the same parish area.

It would be a poor inducement to provide for livings if a committee could come down and say, Here is a good living, and we will divide among three or four parishes that possibly the benefactor was not interested in.

A POOR LAYMAN.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLIV.

But before Helen Lorison could see Colonel Joscelyn, the mischief was done. Princess Petronoff had pursued a course of action that not even Mrs. Lorison, who thought her one of the wickedest and most dangerous of women, would have believed her capable of.

Aimée had gone away from Helen's room full of burning curiosity. The older woman's white face, the tone of her voice, her whole manner, had convinced the lovely mischief-maker that here was some mystery that no one had ever fathomed, or even guessed at.

She was firmly convinced that Helen Lorison had lied. She did not believe for a moment that it was she who had been seen leaving Paul Joscelyn's rooms by Ralph Beverley. She had been on the spot; she had heard the ring of absolute conviction in his voice, when he recognised Martia Chesney, and took her to be the Colonel's wife.

Therefore, Helen Lorison must know something, must be banded together with the other two to hide something. She had been hostile from the first. The lovely Princess, not having recognised Mrs. Lorison in the least, had no idea that much of her past life was known to the older woman, and that, even had she gone from the most disinterested motives, she would have found a prejudiced listener.

Piqued, intensely curious, and furiously angry she became very dangerous. The mystery fascinated and baffled her; she was determined to get to the bottom of it, and her hostility to Martia Chesney became a perfect frenzy since she had discovered that another woman was prepared to defend her so valiantly that she would not hesitate to compromise herself.

Therefore, when, after luncheon the next day, she stepped out of her hotel to take a ride in her motor-car and came full upon Philip Chesney strolling along with two or three other men, she beckoned him to her side, and, as he quickly detached himself from his friends and came forward with an eager smile, she dismissed her chauffeur and began to walk slowly down the hill.

"Will you take me to watch the pigeon-shooting, Captain Chesney?" she asked, with the most ravishing smile. "It is far too fine to go inside those stuffy rooms, and I am absolutely sick of motor-car rides and yachting expeditions."

Philip responded with alacrity; and thus it was that two dangerous people came together.

He was reckless. He was not a good actor, and he overdid his part. His one idea was to hide the fact that anything was the matter, to appear to be his usual self, while his heart was consumed with doubts, jealousy, and rancour. He was trying hard to keep to the bargain of an armed truce. He was boisterously cheerful in public, and he actually sought the company of Paul Joscelyn, much to the Colonel's secret dismay. He tried also with all his might to be friendly towards Martia; but that was beyond him, so that, with the exception of the usual amount of light conversation in public, they never spoke to one another. It would be almost impossible to analyse the state of both their minds; suffice it to say that they both mentally repeated a hundred times a day that vague formula of miserable, impatient youth—"it couldn't go on much longer!"

Philip had paid court to the Princess with empressment. This afternoon she was so exquisite, so perfectly dressed, so full of life, animation, and diablerie, that it is not wonderful that she actually made him forget his troubles for a few brief moments. Her great gift was to intoxicate.

Presently she asked: "Where is your charming wife?"

"She did not come over this afternoon," he answered, and she noticed that his tone had chilled. "She had rather a headache."

"What can he have heard?" she thought. "Aloud, she continued: 'I am so sorry. I took such a fancy to her, and I hear that your life is quite an idyll. That is so lovely and so rare. I suppose you have had plenty of good laughs together over that ridiculous mistake of young Ralph Beverley the other day—about her being Colonel Joscelyn's wife—you know? Colonel Joscelyn, of all men!'"

The Princess launched her bomb-shell with a rippling laugh. It had its effect. Philip's face was blank.

"Oh, you mustn't mind my knowing," she went on in her most caressing voice, "Of course, it shall never go any further. But I was standing by at Lady Leicester's fête, and I thought as you and I and Mrs. Chesney were friends, you wouldn't mind. Of course, it's a joke. Young Ralph is such a stupid boy. He always blurts out the first thing that

comes into his head. I suppose there was some slight resemblance—height, or figure. I wonder who the woman really was. And so funny on that particular night wasn't it? The night, you know, when Ralph was leaving England—it happened to be the thirteenth of June—the night when that poor millionaire man, Lewis Detmold, committed suicide in those very rooms. And this woman—who could she have been whom Ralph saw? Dear me, what a delightful and desperately wicked man Colonel Joscelyn is! Goodness, Captain Chesney, whatever is the matter with you?"

"The night of Lewis Detmold's death!" Philip's voice was hoarse. His face had turned from crimson to an ashen grey; his grey eyes darted fire into the lovely, insouciant face that had grown a little tremulous about the lips. He clutched her hand as in a vice. "For God's sake, tell me what you mean."

"Oh, you are hurting me," she said in a whimpering voice; she was really frightened. He looked like a man with murder in his soul. "What can be the matter with you?" she went on, taking courage. "It is only a joke. Haven't you and your wife had a good laugh over it? Surely you don't take it seriously?"

"Oh, no, no." His voice was flat, toneless, dreary, and dragged. "Of course, you are right, we had a good laugh—many—a jolly good laugh."

"You have broken one of my bangles!" she said petulantly, with one of her beautiful, mocking, alluring smiles. "What a rough man you are!"

But she spoke to the thin air, for Philip Chesney had left her, and she saw his stalwart figure striding at a great pace towards the railway station.

CHAPTER XLV.

There was no emotionalism this time; no sentiment, no despair. It was all hard blows; it was thrust and parry. The woman felt as angry, as brutal as the man.

Martia's patience was exhausted. For several days she had been filled with a smouldering fury. Life showed her only its dark side. She had lost the thing that had glorified her above all other women. It left her just an ordinary woman, with extravagant tastes and nothing to satisfy them on, with a brain that craved for interests and gaieties and enjoyment, and a heart that was dead. She saw a long vista of empty days filled with hopeless struggles to keep up appearances, social and financial, while Philip attended to his duties, and amused himself. It is because these solaces are denied to her that the world instinctively saves its best sympathy for the unhappy wife. The husband can always eat, drink, and be merry, and generally have a good time. And there is undoubtedly comfort in it, though our higher natures may raise a shocked protest at the admission, and remind us that it is better to suffer than to go astray.

Martia's soul was full of revolt, the impotent and frenzied revolt of an innocent person who has been drawn into the vortex of tragedy and deception. She hated the whole world; there was nothing in it that pleased her, nothing that she could look forward to. Philip was a stranger, almost an enemy. That one fact changed the whole face of the world, and she resented it. He had stripped her bare of everything that made life worth living. It was intolerable to think that she should be so dependent. She loathed herself for not having the pride at least to pretend to make a new life for herself.

Her dull fury burst into a flame on this sunny afternoon when Philip strode into the hotel garden, where she sat, with aching heart and burning eyes, pretending to read. "Come upstairs," he said harshly. She was alone.

She rose in silence and followed him up into her bedroom. He locked the door of the dressing-room that led into the corridor. She swept past him into her own room, and took up her stand on the far side by the dressing-table.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked. The two pairs of blazing eyes met.

"Good God, Martia!" said Philip, "it means that the odious story has been dragged up again, and from another source, and with embellishments—what in Heaven's name will they be saying next? The thing will drive me mad!"

"What have you heard now? They seem to find you a ready listener." The blood had rushed to her head. If there were a battle to be fought, at least that was action.

"Take care what you say!" he cried. "Upon my soul, I don't feel responsible for what I do or say. It is a woman this time. I tell you, it will be all over the place. She spoke as it were a joke—'Haven't we had a good laugh over young Beverley's ridiculous mistake?' And Philip did laugh, low and brutally; and Martia, in the midst of the shock of this revelation, wondered how far two human beings could exasperate each other with safety, and she made one last vain effort at self-control, for she was growing so furious that she could hardly see.

"Who was the woman?" she asked.

"That Russian—the Princess Petronoff."

"And what were the embellishments?"

"You are outrageous! You can't see! She gave it a date; she said it was the night of Detmold's death that you were seen coming out of Colonel Joscelyn's chambers. How is a man to stand this sort of thing? God in Heaven, they will be saying that you murdered Detmold next, you and Joscelyn—a nice pair of accomplices!" Again he laughed.

She was white as paper. With lightning

rapidity her brain worked in the midst of her blind passion. This meant danger. How had it happened? Had Ralph Beverley repeated the story? If this were spread about, it might mean destruction. Outwardly she showed no fear.

"Beverley did not talk; this woman says she overheard him—at Lady Leicester's," Philip went on, enlightening her on one point. "How she found out the date I don't know. Who is to prevent her from talking? What if she takes a dislike to you, or has a taste for mischief, or fancies she has a duty to perform?"

"What is the good of talking to you?" cried Martia. She spoke at random; all the time she was trying to think. "You have evidently made up your mind again that I was the woman who was in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms that night, or whatever night it may have been. Explanations make no impression on you."

"You forget something."

"What?"

"That Colonel Joscelyn told me that very night that there was a woman in his rooms, and told me at a time when he declared to the police that he was not in the Albany at all."

"Well?"

The thought that while Colonel Joscelyn had got rid of him by such a stratagem, Martia had actually been under the very same roof, and that a man had died there mysteriously that very night, drove Philip Chesney to the verge of madness.

They glared at each other like beasts. He would have liked to strike her, and she to strike him back. The atmosphere must have been peopled with myriads of baleful entities.

Then Philip burst into a torrent of words, and Martia grew chilled as she took in their meaning. What he said was amazing in its recklessness, so incomprehensible as to seem like madness coming from a man who had loved the woman to whom he spoke for three whole years with a passion so absorbed and so intense that he had not caused her one moment's uneasiness, or given her one single stab of pain.

"I will have this whole thing raked out," he cried. "I won't have people making sport of me with their malicious jokes. What do I care? Why should I sacrifice my peace of mind and my reason because there is something behind all this that is being kept from me? I know there is something—I always did know it. Why did Joscelyn lie to the police, why did he say he was not in his rooms when he was? There was something about Detmold's death that nobody knew but he—and I mean that the world shall know it, too. He's not fit to associate with decent men, and it makes me sick to see him petted and fawned on just because he is rich. Is that the attraction he has for you—eh?" The sneer on his flushed face was horrible to see. "God knows, I could never understand why you would stick up for him, and deliberately disobey me, and defied my wishes. It may be, for all I know, because, like all women, you can't resist—money."

She was gazing at him steadily, with faithless scorn. It seemed to infuriate him out of all bounds.

"But I mean to pull the whole thing down over his ears!" he went on. "I'll say what I know. I'll make a public scandal. He came nearer to her; his voice dropped; the sneer on his lips grew uglier still. 'Since you are innocent, and weren't anywhere near the place on that night, it can't possibly matter to you.'

The next thing she was conscious of was that the door had slammed, and he was gone.

Her own fury had subsided. His had been so terrible to see that it had sobered her. She was very cold, and her brain was clear. Feeling, she experienced absolutely none; there was no emotion that such a scene could arouse in the breast of a woman in her position. All that part of her was in abeyance; she thought it dead.

That it should have come to this! Behind his bluster there was a deadly purpose. In his eyes she had seen a fixed hostility. She knew that he believed her not innocent, but guilty, and he was prepared to sacrifice not only her, but the honour of his own name, to revenge himself on the man who had aroused in him this insane passion of jealousy.

She realised that one thing must be done immediately; she must see Colonel Joscelyn and warn him.

She bathed her face and dressed herself for the street; she acted mechanically; without even troubling to discover whether Philip were watching her, or what had become of him, she left the hotel in a cab for the station.

She experienced a strange feeling of being absolutely isolated and detached. She was left alone, with no one to turn to, but the man who shared the secret with her, whose quiet strength she had never found wanting.

In the train she came to an important decision. The calamity was so dangerous that there was nothing for it but the surgeon's knife.

It happened that Colonel Joscelyn had just returned from his motor-car trip in the mountains, and that, lower down the hill, in her hotel, Helen Lorison was making ready to come and tell him the astounding and terrifying information that the Princess Petronoff had imparted to her.

He came down into one of the public lounges, where Martia waited. He looked grave.

"Mrs. Chesney, is anything the matter?"

"I must speak to you alone," she said.

"You should not have come here."

"I could not help it." She had no idea how she looked; she did not feel it, but she was very near to physical collapse.

"Has anything happened?"

"Everything."

"I cannot ask you upstairs. And we can-

not stay here; there are so many of your friends in the hotel."

"I care about nothing," she said, coldly. "I must speak to you."

"Then come out—at least." They went out on to the terrace. It was almost deserted. There anyone could see them, but Martia might have been calling on Lady Tyneside, or two or three other women she knew who were staying at the hotel, and have met him by accident.

They stood at one of the corners. Philip Joscelyn leaned on the balustrade, as if he were admiring the view. Martia sat down on a wicker chair. There was no one near them.

"Well?" the man asked.

"I want to tell you," she began. "That the time has come when Philip must know the truth."

"Nonsense!" he rejoined, brusquely. "You are getting nervous again." He spoke calmly, with deliberate intention. "You women always have fits of wanting to tell the truth."

"It is nothing of the kind." Her voice was low and distinct, free from any kind of emotion. "I assure you I am not hysterical, emotional, or remorseful, or anything of the sort. I have learned my lesson well; I am not a second nature to me; I would far rather not speak. But I must."

Her manner impressed the man. His face became very stern.

"You may not know," she continued, "that the boy who saw me leave your rooms in the Albany, on one occasion, when he was Philip's company and was excited, told me out to Philip, whom he did not know, at the Casino here, and—well, repeated what he said the day of Lady Leicester's fête."

"And you never told me—no one told me?"

"What would have been the use? The chief was done."

"How long ago was this?"

"Oh, some days—nearly a fortnight."

"Of course, Captain Chesney did not believe it."

"I am forced to be frank with you," she said bitterly. "He did. There was a scene. I denied it. I was beginning to lie very well."

The next day the boy's apology came. It was accepted. Ostensibly he had made a mistake and things went on as before. But it was so sordid, so intensely repulsive, that there was a respite of a few days, and the last blow fell. It seems that someone overheard the boy's recognition of me."

"Who?"

"That beautiful Russian princess."

"Well?"

"Whether she be evilly disposed or merely thoughtless, I do not know; but Martia, with a sort of desperate humour, in conversation with Philip she referred to as if it were a joke—and she did more. She named a date; she told him that it was the night of Lewis Detmold's death that a woman who was mistaken for me was seen come out of your rooms."

Paul Joscelyn's face did not move a muscle. Had he expressed his feelings, even he might have witnessed her husband's insensibility. But there were no words in which he could express what he thought of Aimée Petronoff and Ralph Beverley, or what fate he wished might take them both.

"Philip," she went on deliberately, "I told you to tell him on the day that there was a woman in your rooms."

"The excuse of an idiot!" he muttered.

"Don't blame yourself," she said. "I have been so much blame dealt out already."

At least, you and I know that the thing came about without anybody's seeking."

"You are incredibly generous." It was this time who was almost drifting into sentiment, and she who kept him to hard facts as in the old days he had had to keep by sheer strength of will from allowing his personal feelings to run away with him.

"So now," she said, "I must tell him the truth."

"You are telling me the truth, Mrs. Chesney," the man retorted, "and yet you are hiding yourself from me. There must be no subterfuge. Don't your husband know it, or does he not?"

"He does." There was a long silence. The humiliation ate deep into her soul. She should be here discussing Philip with the man whose lips curled in scorn of the woman, in the eyes of all men, she was on a pedestal and idolatrously worshipped.

"It is not of Philip's personal affairs that I came here to speak."

Every man has a very pathetic dignity. It was then in the words that followed she found them difficult to say.

"His jealousy is a danger that affects you too. I am responsible for this resolve that he has taken. He says that he will tell the world that you were in your rooms when you said you were not, that there was a woman with you, and that he would sacrifice me—his own name—to everything. Don't you see what would happen? All these things would be spoken of as truth or perjury himself. Oh, it would mean absolute destruction. And why should I destroyed?"

"Oh, I tell you, I have not come here in a hysterical mood. I have suffered enough. I will not suffer any more. I am a different woman—everything is changed."

"I have made up my mind that you and I are not to be made the subject of a public scandal—or worse. That is what he will do. I prevent him. Therefore I shall tell him the truth, and that will silence him. He will mind disgracing me in the eyes of the world, but he will not want to see his wife murdered."

To be continued.

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